JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 71 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1907 | ONE PENNY.

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No. 702911

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 71. Saturday, October 12th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

The following claims have been received in respect of the numbers published last week:—

Mr. ERNEST A. ANGEHAUSEN, 24, Towers View, Hyde Park, Leeds (No. 114613, August 31st).

Mr. T. BUXTON, 11, Walkley Street, Walkley, Sheffield (in respect of No. 136236, August 31st).

And cheques have been forwarded accordingly.

Although the following claims are considerably out of date, as special circumstances (such as absence on holidays) have been proved, we have forwarded cheques:—

Mr. S. F. WALTERS, 4, Ashmere House, Acre Lane, Brixton (No. 285452, August 10th).

Mr. A. E. BALDAN, 55, Sydney Road, Ealing (No. 302808, August 10th).

Mr. G. H. EBBETT, s.s. "Firth Fisher," care of Mr. P. Marrow, Ship Broker, Swansea (No. 371349, August 17th).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 7TH.

189,705	163,211
208,876	187,244
251,521	261,100
224,432	225,137
176,262	205,650

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 14TH.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, October 14th.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 16TH (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 14TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We have been not a little amused at the preliminary puffs of the new department of the Public Trustee. It appears that offices have already been opened in Clement's Inn, although the post does not come into existence until January 1st, 1908. In the meantime, however, Mr. C. J. Stewart is evidently under the impression that something must be done to combat the damning effect of our recent criticisms, and accordingly, profiting doubtless by what little he learnt, as Official Receiver, of the methods of shady company promoters, Mr. Stewart has given a private show to the Press. Thus we read: "In Clement's Inn, to-day, a *Star* man and a few other guests witnessed the birth of the new department," and then follows a strong appeal to every one who, "desiring to make sure that his bequeathed property shall not be wasted by carelessness, incompetency, ignoranoe, or dishonesty, can appoint the Public Trustee his trustee or executor. No estate is too small—none too large." This, coming from a department presided over by Mr. C. J. Stewart, is really too delicious. Both in his capacity as Official Receiver and as Chairman of Allsopps he has proved himself a past master in the arts of wastefulness and incompetence. The most comic feature of the whole thing, however, is that the *Daily News* and other gullible journals have swallowed the bait, and are actually lauding Mr. Stewart to the skies for his skilful administration of the Liberator estate, in which he notoriously murdered and frittered away the assets.

A correspondent of a contemporary draws attention to the delightful fact that St. Augustine once pointed out how, wherever man had built a city, Providence had created a river to supply it with water. We regret that we are prevented by our bump of veneration from awarding a "biscuit" to one of the Christian Fathers.

Magisterial decisions on the subject of what may or may not be done in the street are often very strange. The Salvation Army is allowed to beat big drums in order to attract a crowd, but unfortunate residents, who object to this hideous din at their doors are fined for ringing muffin-bells as a protest. We contend that loud street-noises are either lawful or unlawful. The fact that the noise is made in connection with a religious demonstration, tra-la, has nothing to do with the case. And as for a big drum being musical, we vow we prefer a muffin-bell. At least it has a cheerful sound, and suggests an ingle nook and a singing kettle.

Someone has been scoffing at the St. Petersburg postal authorities for employing only good-looking lady clerks. Some of the official notes about applicants have recently come to light. This was the kind of thing: "Aged 30 years, ordinary, small, lymphatic"; "old, ugly, and too big." We really do not know why anyone should object to this method of selection. For our part, we like to see pretty faces round us. And so do the public, who, after all, have a right to be consulted. We are reminded of the story of the man who fell in love with a post-mistress, but lacked the courage to declare himself. At last he wrote out a telegram recording the desperate state of his feelings. She merely counted the words and stated the price. He handed a bank-note, and she inquired whether she was to return the change. Still, we must not forget the plain little ladies, whose lot is often so hard and dull. After all, perhaps very pretty girls in the post-office *may* be a mistake—especially as they are not permitted to lick our stamps!

Apropos of Brother John Lobb, the eminent spiritualist, who recently lost his watch in a London crowd, the story is current that he repaired immediately to a clairvoyant, who obligingly went into a trance. Having awakened from this voyage of discovery, she announced that the timepiece was in a certain house in the country. Off Brother Lobb posted to Scotland Yard, where—*mirabile dictu*—he was informed that the house was in the occupation of a well-known thief. Assuming the story is not Munchausen, one would have thought Brother Lobb would have at once applied for a warrant, producing the clairvoyant as justificatory evidence. What would have happened then we know not. Probably the magistrate would have laughed a huge laugh. At all events, Brother Lobb did not apply, the clairvoyant is not proven, the occupants of the house are unsearched, and the eminent brother is still unable to say what o'clock it is. Thus sorrow builds the shining ladder up, whose golden rungs are our calamities.

Three words uttered by Chief Superintendent Clarke, in the case of Mrs. Gordon Stewart Price, heard recently at Nottingham, are pregnant with eloquence and meaning, and speak volumes as to the spirit in which the police sometimes conduct prosecutions. Mrs. Price, when charged with obtaining goods by false pretences, pleaded she was only an ordinary debtor for the goods, and vigorously protested against being detained. She and her husband both belonged to good families. The following few lines explain the situation:—

> Chief Supt. Clarke strongly resisted accused's appeal for bail. The police, he said, had reason to believe that Price was a very bad lot, and had been convicted elsewhere.
>
> Accused (vehemently): You can't prove that!
>
> The Superintendent: *We hope to.*

The fact that the magistrate let the incident pass without so much as a reproof to the officer speaks for itself as to the extent to which the Bench is under the thumb of the police.

The petty malignity of those Manchester teetotalers is absolutely incredible. Their fatuous campaign against the election of a brewer to the Lord Mayoralty was doomed to failure. So, whilst declaring that their hostility to an honourable and highly respected citizen is purely impersonal, they have contrived a new method of stabbing him in the back. They are actually going to petition the King not to come and open Manchester's new infirmary because a brewer will be Lord Mayor. One need not comment on the good taste of such a petition to a monarch who himself started a brew at Burton recently. But think of the "temperance" of these people. In order to gratify their spite they are prepared to deal a heavy blow to Manchester's most deserving charity. We fancy that this self-appointed Citizens' Committee will soon know what a severe snub from Royalty is like.

And we were amused to observe the *Daily News* endeavouring to work up a similar agitation against the election of Sir John Bell as Lord Mayor, because he, too, is a brewer. But from what we knew of the City Fathers, we were sure that they were not likely to be influenced by the shriekings of our pious contemporary—as a specimen of whose logic we quote the following: "The Lord Mayor should represent all classes of the community, but a brewer can never represent many thousands of the citizens of London," etc. Therefore, we presume, we ought to have a temperance Lord Mayor. But how would *he* represent "all classes of the community"? And apropos those "many thousands of the citizens of London," the *Daily News* had better look up its statistics. How many thousand "citizens of London," all told, does it imagine there are? Lord Mayor *of London*, forsooth! What says the Chairman of the County Council?

Jews are, apparently, in the majority on the London Stock Exchange, for we learn from an evening contemporary that on the day of the "Great White Fast" the "House" was not half full. Apropos of the fast, the following conversation, overheard in Houndsditch, is worthy of reproduction. "Good morning, Joseph. How does the fast suit your constitution? Do you mean to keep it up till sundown?" Joseph: "Yes, certainly. Why do you ask such a question?" "Well, you look so hungry, I thought a good dinner wouldn't come amiss. Will you come and join me?" Joseph: "No, no, I mustn't." "Why?" Joseph: "Well, if you want to know the truth, I've got a bet on it."

And there is that other Yum Kippur story. A certain Jew, on his way to the synagogue, met a co-religionist with whom he had been on very bad terms. Remembering that it was the period of general atonement and goodwill, he approached with the olive-branch of mutual forgiveness. Hands were shaken, and an adjournment made to the nearest inn. Moses raised his glass and said, "Well, I'm glad we're friends once more. Here's wishing you—well, whatever you wish me." To which came the reproachful rejoinder, "There you go—*beginning it all over again.*"

It was in no spirit of vandalism or want of appreciation for historical landmarks that we advised that Crosby Hall should be left to its fate, and that if a few of the useless and empty City churches followed suit, the value of the sites would be of enormous benefit to the Bishop of London's church extension scheme in populous neighbourhoods. Literally, we were not "speaking without the book," as the latest return shows with reference to the so-called Palace of Cardinal Wolsey in Fleet Street. Through the exertions of some enthusiasts, that dilapidated building and its "restoration" cost the London County Council close on £30,000, while £760 was spent on its maintenance in the year just recently closed. As only 5,155 persons took the trouble to visit the premises, the cost of maintenance alone works out at close on 3s. per head!

In the preface to his new work, "The Door of Humility," the Poet Laureate makes the following interesting statement: "The author has received several letters at various times from unknown correspondents, inquiring if his poems could not be sold for a lower price than is at present asked for them." We quite believe it.

The Labour Party may have its faults, but it is scarcely fair that the antagonistic Press should insist that Labour stands for Atheism. Two-thirds of our Labour members are local preachers for one or other of the Nonconformist sects. We do not think that makes them any better; but if we are to go into such matters, we wonder whether two-thirds of the Conservative members trouble themselves about church work? Do Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham wag their pows in pulpits on Sundays? Does Mr. F. E. Smith, who was the champion of Christianity during the Kirkdale election, read the lessons?

Sentimentalists are exercising themselves over what the slimy Press calls the "royal romance" of Signora Toselli. But surely the romance is as sordid a one as was ever evolved by Mr. Le Queux or any penny-a-liner. With the noblest lineage in Europe, standing on the steps of a throne, this middle-aged woman, the mother of seven children, had so little self-restraint that it was necessary to shut her up and deprive her of all her dignities. Her first husband may not have been a beau-ideal, but she owed it to her family and position to avoid the resounding scandal with which she electrified Europe. It is a relief that she has now relinquished even her incognito title and merged her identity in that of an obscure music teacher two-thirds of her age. But we trust that her impudent attempt to retain the custody of Princess Pia Monica will be frustrated, for her new Bohemian half-world is scarcely what one would choose for the education of a King's daughter. The Italian police must do their duty.

It is a cheering thing to find that the photographic ghouls are getting their deserts at last. When the dying men were being taken off the track after the Brooklands motor accident, a dozen snapshotting fiends rushed forward to get photographs of the death agonies. Happily, the attendants had the good sense to club the ghouls' heads and smash their cameras. A little physical force of this kind might give even a press photographer some sense of decency. They are much better occupied in constructing "fake" photographs than in snap-shotting men in agony or photographing mourners at funerals. When the *Daily Mirror*, or some other pictorial journal, publishes a snap-shot of a press photographer being kicked downstairs, that journal will be the richer by the sum of one halfpenny, for we shall certainly buy it.

A new trade union movement has been started in the United States. The clergy have recognised the fact that they are saving souls far too cheaply, and are organising to secure better salaries. Certainly if Dr. Aked is only receiving two thousand a year for taking charge of J. D. Rockefeller's soul, he is being sweated. Still, the American clergy had better move with caution. What weapons have they which they can use to make their congregations part more freely? A general strike might result in the discovery that they can get along very well "on their own." We recommend the Parsons' Union to concentrate their attention on their hours of labour. The enthusiasm with which the public would welcome any decision to reduce the length of services would be unbounded.

The gentle art of doing yourself well seems to be understood by at least one family in the Royal borough. It consists of a young, able-bodied father and mother and five children. The whole crowd have been inmates of the local workhouse for two years, and are costing the ratepayers a hundred pounds per annum. The father does the white-washing, the mother helps in the nursery, and the children while the happy hours away. So well are they all suited that they decline to go out. Even if they went out, they would all come back again in one procession, because nobody in the district will let them have a house, it being contrary to their principles to pay rent. The clerk of the guardians has been asked to see if they can be emigrated to Canada. But you cannot emigrate people who prefer a 'appy 'ome in their native land, and it looks as if that family have settled down "comfy" for ever and ever. Of course, someone will suggest that they be transferred to the Castle—but all the spare rooms there are required for *foreign* dependents.

Some of our readers think that we occasionally lapse into irreverence. But what would they say if we were to publish such a story as the following:—

> A tradesman in a south-western suburb had his window broken by a stone. He pursued the culprit—of course, a boy—to his home, and complained to the mother. He did not require her to pay the damage when he learnt that she was a widow, but asked her to warn her son against stone-throwing in the streets. "Ah, sir," she said, tearfully, "it's all that religious teaching in the schools. They have been having a lesson about David and Goliath, and now it's nothing but slings and stones. I've had to pay for three windows already."

Well, it is from the *Christian World*.

And what do such readers say about the new law just passed by the State of Georgia, prohibiting the use

of wine in the Holy Communion, and making every minister or deacon taking part in such administration liable to indictment? There's "Temperance reform" for you, with a vengeance! And yet we read that grand juries all over the State are petitioning the Legislature to repeal the law! Let us be consistent.

In reference to the recent West End flat cases, where Mr. Chester Jones, the Marlborough Street magistrate, found that the police had made a grave blunder in bringing charges against various innocent and respectable people, we should like to know on what ground the defendants were refused their costs. As this decision was arrived at "after consideration," Mr. Chester Jones should have no difficulty in enlightening us. We are the more perplexed because, in withdrawing the proceedings, Mr. Bodkin, representing the prosecution, said "the Borough Council, prosecuting as a public body, only desired that the right and proper course should be followed towards every person accused."

And, whilst on this question of magisterial discretion, will Mr. Marsham explain why, in a recent case in which it was evident that a person had been improperly fined, upon a similar and equally groundless charge, he declined to review his decision, on the plea "that he had no power to re-hear the case"—in view of the fact that, the day before, Mr. Biron, his learned brother, re-heard a charge against a man named Snow, whom he had the previous week sentenced to four months' hard labour, and whom, upon hearing the new evidence, he then discharged? The facts in both cases were identical. At the first hearing the prisoners had been unable to produce witnesses, who voluntarily came forward on learning of the charges. It is evident that either Mr. Marsham or Mr. Biron doesn't know his business. We are having our little bit on Mr. Biron.

Our Catholic contemporary, the *Monitor and New Era* "hails with pleasure and approval the appearance of so straightforward, pungent, and piercing a paragraph" as that which we recently wrote in this column respecting the absence of Nuns and Sisters of Charity from the French Army for nursing purposes, owing to the persecution of certain religious orders. We bow our grateful acknowledgments, and at the same time take the opportunity of congratulating our congratulators upon their "palpable hit" at the *Morning Post*. Here it is:—

> Tariff Reformers have made much ado about Mr. Haldane placing a British Army contract for horseshoes with an American firm which gave the lowest tender. The *Morning Post* led the cry. It doesn't seem to be a bigoted Briton itself, for its new offices in London are designed by a French architect, erected by an American firm, while the granite has been imported from Sweden, and dressed by Swedish workmen!

If the Hackney Borough Council did recently make a bad blunder over an imaginary and wrongly-committed defaulting ratepayer, it has, like the wise body it is, lost no time in endeavouring to extract some public good from the incident. Through its Finance Committee it has been urging the Commissioner of Police to direct that warrants against rate defaulters—who are certainly not "criminals" in any real sense of the word—shall be executed by plain-clothes officers, "in order to avoid unnecessary unpleasantness." Surely a very proper and reasonable request. But the Commissioner has written "stating that he cannot comply with the request." We must see about it when Parliament reassembles.

The annual farce of the Registration Courts again calls attention to the necessity for a fundamental revision and simplification of our franchise arrangements. Either we desire that every law-abiding citizen should have a voice in the affairs of his country, or else that we should still have a limited and privileged electorate. But let us make up our minds upon the matter. The idea of disfranchising a man because he has crossed the road, or changed his status from a lodger to a householder, or has, or hasn't, a latchkey, may do very well for a Savoy comic opera, but is surely out of place in practical politics.

In spite of all that Mr. Balfour's Education Bill did for voluntary schools, it is clearer to-day than it ever was before that Board Schools—or, as they are now called, "Council Schools"—are more in favour with the public than denominational schools, and it seems to be only a question of time for the latter to come to a natural end. A case has just arisen at Ashford, Middlesex, which shows up the present system with all its faults. A Mrs. MacLean, widow of a soldier who was killed in the South African War, has a son eight years of age, whom she wishes to send to the local Council School belonging to the Middlesex Education Authority. The school is well equipped, and has a good playground, and it is so popular that there are no vacancies, and the boy is not likely to be admitted for a year. In the ordinary way this would amount to such a shortage of accommodation as would necessitate the erection of a new school, or a new wing to the old school. But there is in the locality a dilapidated Church of England school, with practically no playground, and to which only the dregs of the village are sent, and Mrs. MacLean, wishing to do her best for her boy, will not send him there. The Education Committee refuse to admit the boy to the Council School, "for want of accommodation," and they tell her she can send him to the Church School. She complains that if she does so, the boy will get more outside his head and less inside than she desires, and she prefers to scrape together what she can out of her earnings to send her boy to a private school. She is evidently a woman of grit, whom we must admire; and we hope that she will stick to the Committee till she has brought about the closing of the useless and insanitary Church School and the enlargemen of the other one.

"Mesopotamia," it will be remembered, was a comforting word to the Anabaptist widow, but that is nothing compared to the following item contained in the last list of new inventions at the Patent Office:—

> Rudolf Lesser, Birkbeck Bank Chambers, Southampton Buildings, London, manufacturer of arylthioglycollicorthocarboxyylic acid, its esters, and substitution products, July 19, 1907.

Is this what the poet would call giving to airy nothing "a local habitation and a name"? We had always thought acidity, whether in temper or chemicals, implied something short, sharp, or pungent. The present silly, flat-catching claim that there is skill in "Limericks" might have some foundation in fact if a line had to be concocted to rhyme with arylthioglycollicorthocarboxyylic and its "esters."

A statement made by Mr. Marshall, the Secretary of the National Sporting League, during the Kirkdale election, to the effect that "if the 10,000 bookmakers of the kingdom were licensed, there would be a million sterling for old age pensions," is reported by the *Daily News* to have been received with "loud laughter." As a matter of fact, Mr. Marshall was greatly underestimating the amount that would accrue if bookmakers etc., were licensed. All the large bookmakers would willingly pay £100 for the privilege of being allowed to conduct their business without being blackmailed and harassed, whilst the smallest of the small fry would not object to a yearly tax of £25. Striking the average, this would mean in itself considerably over half a million being added to the exchequer. And if you went

on to insist that every betting paper should bear a Government stamp ranging from 1d. to 1s. or even more, according to the money staked, the amount would probably be nearer three millions. We pointed out during the Budget debate the enormous scope there is for raising income from this source, and in reply to the musty old argument about the State recognition of vice, we reminded the House that even Temperance Reformers are content that we should raise the whole cost of the Army and Navy out of the drink traffic—which they describe as "the greatest curse of the country." And we further recalled the observation of the Roman Emperor, when upbraided for raising revenue from a tainted source—*Non olet.* Was not it the Lord Chancellor Bacon who said, "There is such a thing as the mitigation of vice by the regulation of it"? It will take a long time to educate the country up to the recognition of this truth—but we do not despair.

We have been expecting it. A Protectionist has written to ask what is now thought of dear bread by the people who talked about the big and the little loaf at the last election. Well, we suppose they are glad that "Protection" was avoided, otherwise the 8d. loaf, which is now threatened, would probably be a 10d. or a shilling one. You cannot prevent a natural enhancement of prices, but you can prevent an unnatural one.

We have mistrusted the intelligence of the Yankee Wellman for many years. Over a decade ago we met him in London on his way to Scandinavia, and he was positive that he would reach the North Pole in a few weeks by balloon. What good that would do him or anyone else we were unable to ascertain. Nearly every year since he has journeyed to Scandinavia with the same object, but either the weather or the balloon has proved unpropitious. This year he actually made a sort of start. He sailed a little way, and then someone heroically rescued him. Next year he will probably go through the same farce again. Several questions occur to us: (1) If he reached the North Pole, how would he get back again? (2) In the same unlikely event, how would anyone be convinced that he had really been there? (3) Who bears the brunt of all these costly experiments?

"You will be fined five shillings when you come up on remand if you haven't signed the pledge," said the Rev. David Fotheringham, in dealing with certain cases of inebriety at Wood Green. Now, that's what we call "Peaceful Persuasion." What a rush there must have been for the pledge forms, and how proudly the local Temperance Society will include these "reformed characters" in its next annual statistics!

An extra big biscuit ought to go to the good old lady who, at a meeting of Blackburn Primitive Methodists to consider how they should celebrate their centenary, inquired the other day, "And who *was* St. Henry?" It reminds us of that moth-eaten old chestnut about the "honorarium" to the secretary. "Why should we give him one? 'E couldn't play on it."

Babu Keir.

The M.P. descended on Bengal, and the Babus never having seen a deer-stalker cap before, mistook him for someone of importance.

Which was not exactly the case.

Then the M.P. said, "What brutal tyranny do I see here! Abdul and Leopold are Sunday School Superintendents compared with King Edward. Lo! I come to bring liberty to a troubled land."

Whereupon the Babus arose in their might and spat on the white women and beat the white men with clubs.

Then the M.P. surveyed his work proudly, and said, "That broken bottle young man will have to take a back seat now."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

Award No. 384.

For stating that etymologists may be interested in "gnats, mosquitoes, wasps, midges, flies, and harvesters,"

THE *WEEKLY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 385.

For announcing that they "are prepared to receive deposits free of charge,"

MESSRS. COOK & SON (Carlsbad)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 386.

For insuring their minister, the Rev. M. J. Lark, under the Workmen's Compensation Act,

THE EXETER BIBLE CHRISTIANS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 387.

For stating that the "man in the street is quite wrong in imagining that Mr. John Morley is an Atheist,"

PLAIN TRUTH (Mr. Aked's late organ)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 388.

For addressing a letter to "Charles Lamb, Esq.," offering to send him notices of the "Essays of Elia,"

A PRESS CUTTING AGENCY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 389.

For stating that the "Suevic" "is spoken of as the longest vessel in the world, being 170 miles from stem to stern,"

THE *COTTAGER AND ARTISAN*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

PROSECUTION OF "JOHN BULL."

DATE OF HEARING.

The summonses which have been issued in connection with our Weekly Ballot Scheme, charging us with an infringement of the Lottery Acts, will come on for hearing in the Justices' Room at the Mansion House on Friday, the 11th inst., at 11.30 a.m.

The defendants are Messrs. Odhams, Limited, our printers; Mr. J. S. Elias, the managing-director of the Company; and Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

It is intended to thoroughly test the validity of the scheme; and should the result in the first instance be adverse to us, we shall take all necessary steps to obtain the decision of the High Court.

In the meantime, eminent Counsel have been retained. The prosecution will be represented by Mr. R. D. Muir, whilst Messrs. Odhams' interests will be in the hands of Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., and Mr. W. A. Casson. Mr. Elias will be represented by Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., the brilliant young barrister who is so rapidly coming to the front both at the Bar and in the House of Commons. Mr. Bottomley will appear in person.

A full report of the proceedings will be published next week. In the meantime, we refer our readers to the striking cartoon on p. 349 of this issue.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

THE LATE "MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS:"

A PERSONAL EPISODE.

By Horatio Bottomley.

As I write these lines, there stands in front of me a glass case containing an oak plinth, supporting a large volume, two note-books, and a judge's wig. The large volume has printed on its back, "The Queen v. Bottomley and others—Minutes of Evidence"; the two note-books are endorsed "Middlesex, Nisi Prius—the Hon. Sir Henry Hawkins," and are volumes 47 and 48; and the wig has fastened to it an old linen tab, with the words, "Mr. Baron Hawkins." Attached to the plinth is a small brass plate, on which I read:—

"Official Government Report of Crown Prosecution—
The Queen v. Bottomley and others.
Tried in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice,
January—April, 1893.
Together with the wig worn by the Judge,
Mr. Justice Hawkins
(Afterwards Lord Brampton),
And his Original Notes.
Both being presented to Mr. Bottomley by his Lordship on his retirement from the Bench."

The meaning of all of which I will explain later on.

I prefer to speak of the dead Judge by the title under which his name will go down to posterity. Indeed, I knew little of him as Lord Brampton. But I had much to do with him as "Mr. Justice Hawkins"; and what I am now about to write, whilst it may not cause surprise to those who knew him most intimately, will come as a revelation to many.

From January until the end of April in the year 1893, I was constantly before Sir Henry Hawkins in connection with the famous—or, as I prefer to call it, the infamous—Hansard Union case. As may be remembered, I acted throughout as my own counsel—having arrayed against me the late Lord Russell of Killowen—who was then Sir Charles Russell, her late Majesty's Attorney-General—Sir John Rigby (subsequently Lord Justice Rigby), who was Solicitor-General; Mr. C. F. Gill, Sir Charles Matthews, Mr. Sutton, and I really forget how many more learned counsel—together with the Treasury Solicitor. Day in and day out, I wrestled with these forensic giants; and it was not until I had finally thrown the lot of them that I came to know the real nature of the Judge before whom I had so long been pleading.

A Chat in the Judge's Room.

It came as a great revelation. I was sent for to the Judge's private room. He congratulated me warmly upon the result of the trial, and said various kindly things about my conduct of the defence. And then we talked of certain public aspects of the case. "I have been much shocked," said the Judge, "in looking through some of the documents, at the extraordinary change which has come over the methods of counsel since I was at the Bar. Just listen to this"—and then he read me a passage from my own Public Examination in connection with the affairs of the Hansard Union, and remarked, "It's worse than the old Star Chamber. *Why* should a man, because a Board of Trade official has chosen to make charges against him as a director, be subjected to such indignity and persecution?" This brought us to the Board of Trade official in question—Mr. C. J. Stewart, the new Public Trustee; and lest I should be suspected of exaggeration, I refrain at present from repeating anything the Judge said to me about this gentleman. Fortunately, as I shall in due course reveal, I have in my possession Sir Henry Hawkins's *written* opinion of the fitness of Mr. Stewart for any position of trust. Then we talked of the great "Sir Charles" and his learned colleagues for the prosecution. "I don't know why it is," said Sir Henry, "that nowadays all Treasury prosecutions seem to be characterised by so much animus. *I hate to see it*"—and the old man hit the table with his clenched fist—"and that is why I made a point of protesting against it in my summing up." But Sir John Rigby was the chief subject of conversation. "Old Blunderbus," Sir Henry called him—adding, "It was really too bad of Sir Charles to leave him in the lurch to wind up the case—especially as he had never addressed a jury before in his life. It was the funniest thing I ever saw"—and the old chap chuckled as he recalled various quaint incidents of the trial. And so we talked for an hour or more, and then came the question, "What are you going to do now? Why don't you go to the Bar?" I replied that I felt too old to go back to school and pass examinations in Latin and French and Roman History, and all the rest of it; but that I would consider it. I thanked him for all his kindness to me during the trial, and took my leave.

A Chat in the Train.

We next met in the train—travelling to the South of France. It was pure accident. We sat next to each other in the dining-car. Not at first, but after I had risen to greet him. "Come and sit here," he said, "I should like to have a chat with you." The old man had changed somewhat. Father Time was doing his work, and the features were more wrinkled. But the intellect was alert as ever. Again we talked of that Hansard case, of Russell and Rigby and Matthews and Gill—of Stewart, the Official Receiver, and all the rest of them. We talked, too, of many other things, and before we parted I was asked for my address. "I may want it," he said—and left me, wondering.

A Surprise Packet.

The sequel soon came. I was sitting in my office when a card was brought me, "Mr. J. W. Baker," and, written under the name, "late Clerk to Mr. Justice Hawkins." He carried a brown paper parcel, which he placed upon the table. "This," he said, "is from Sir Henry Hawkins. He wishes you to have it. It contains the wig he wore during the whole time he was on the Bench, and his original notes made during the Hansard trial. You are to keep them as a memento of the case, but you are not to make use of the notes *at any time during his life.*" A strange gift, wasn't it? And there it stands in front of me. I have often opened, with reverent curiosity, those unique volumes—but no word of their contents has yet been divulged. Now, however, the seal is broken. The black angel of Death has called, on the morrow of his ninetieth birthday, and taken into the realms of Everlasting Silence one of the few great judges of recent years. To-day, as I write, he lies, unburied, awaiting the final rites of the majestic faith which in his later years he embraced. Till they are performed, and his soul, according to his creed, is at rest, I join in mourning at his death.

Strange, however, that the seal should be removed from my lips at this particular juncture—when petty persecution and malignant molestation are again the order of the day in relation to my affairs.

THE RULE OF THE REGICIDES.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

Little by little, Servia had crept into the rank of civilised nations. She had a glorious past. Some thought she would have a serious future. Battle and murder and sudden death had figured unduly in her history, but such things are accessories to emancipation.

Then came the hideous tragedy of the 29th of May (O.S.). The first serious ruler of Servia and his consort were torn to pieces by wild beasts, mutilated, stripped, robbed, and flung naked out of the palace window. As Mr. Cunningham Graham has pointed out, not even in a South American Republic has a woman been subjected to such savage, inhuman and revolting treatment.

Most Powers are concerned more with diplomacy than with humanity, and Peter Karageorgevitch was immediately recognised by Continental Powers and eventually by England. It seemed as though the civilisation of Servia might again be accepted.

The rule of the regicides remained, but the conscience of the nation was against them; the people only awaited the right moment to restore the national honour by bringing the criminals to justice.

Chief and most steadfast among such people was my friend, Captain Milan Novakovitch. At the time of the murder of his sovereigns, he was an attaché in Paris. Then he returned to his military duties in Servia. He organised a movement at Nish to petition Peter to clear the honour of the Servian army by bringing regicides before a court-martial.

Such a petition could not have been a crime under any constitutional law.

But Novakovitch was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Again and again offers of money and promotion and pardon were made to him, if only he would desist from his campaign. But all that he steadfastly refused. Two attempts were made to poison him in gaol, but he escaped them.

At the end of his term he started an anti-regicide newspaper, and he was subjected to further persecution. His paper was suppressed, printers and newsagents were terrorised, his life was made a burden. Confiscation, police raids, further imprisonment, every sort of annoyance followed.

The last time he was imprisoned, on the most trumpery charge of all, he was denied access to his counsel, and trial was deferred again and again in defiance of the constitution. He was beaten with sandbags and subjected to an infinity of tortures. At last he was murdered in the middle of the night. Next morning guns were fired in his cell, and it was given out that he had committed suicide.

Even from the point of view of the regicides, this crime is a blunder. They might have kept him in gaol and continued to beat him with sandbags, or rub the juice of paprika-pods into his eyes. In their merciless clutches he would not have been a menace to Peter and Peter's accessories. Now that he has been assassinated, the Servians regard him as a martyr. And the Servians have long memories.

They have avenged crimes even after the lapse of generations. Milan Novakovitch may be even more formidable dead than alive.

I knew him well and revered him, and I want Englishmen to understand the bitterness of his tragedy. He was absolutely fearless and disinterested; he knew that his campaign against crime was carried on at the risk of his life; he was a scholar and a gentleman of the old school, full of charm and courtesy and imagination. He has now been put to death with fiendish cruelty. He leaves a young widow, crippled with the debts of his campaign. He was a hero and a martyr. Surely God will avenge him. Meanwhile, I trust that men may do their duty.

"SKILL COMPETITIONS."

As our readers know, the proprietors and printers of JOHN BULL have been cited to appear at the Mansion House charged with contravention of the Lottery Acts. As to that, we have said our say elsewhere. Here it may be useful to refer to some other matters not unconnected with these Acts.

On July 20th last the *Evening News* gave a list of "Limerick" prize winners, which included the name of Mr. Sidney G. Kingham, and the prize allotted to this gentleman is described as below:—

> 10 volumes of the works of Carmen Sylva, £10 10s.

In due course Mr. Kingham received not 10, but 12 volumes, and he found that they were identical. Thereupon he wrote to the Editor under date September 6th as follows:—

> The reading matter of the whole 12 books is exactly the same, and eleven of the books are therefore superfluous. You announced in your paper as "10 volumes of the works of Carmen Sylva," value £10 10s., which was very misleading.

On the same date the Editor replied:—

> I much regret that a mistake seems to have occurred in connection with the Limerick prize awarded to you. I will have the matter looked into immediately, and can assure you that it will be settled to your complete satisfaction.

The letter was signed "Lindsay Bashford."

Not having heard anything further, Mr. Kingham wrote on September 14th, saying he should be glad to know what the *Evening News* intended to do in the matter. To this Mr. Bashford replied on September 17th as follows:—

> On inquiry I find that no mistake was made with regard to the books purchased from the Lord Mayor's sale and offered by us as prizes for Limericks. I regret that there was a misunderstanding on your part with regard to the nature of the books, but I fear that we can take no action in the matter.

Mr. Kingham answered that there was no misunderstanding on his part.

> As to the value of the books given, namely £10 10s., it is entirely erroneous. From subsequent events I am forced to look upon your announcement as a fraudulent one.

We may add that Mr. Kingham went to the publishers of the volume and asked the price at which the public could obtain it. They replied 2s. 6d. It is, however, fair to add that the volumes sent to Mr. Kingham contain the autograph of Carmen Sylva. Mr. Kingham asked Messrs. Everett and Co. the price of a volume with the autograph in it. They said 5s.

The same proprietors own the *Weekly Dispatch*, and this journal, too, has been going in strongly for Limerick competitions. One of the prizes fell to the writer of a particular line, the prize amounting to £29 16s. 5d. It so happened that Mr. F——, of the *P—— C——*, had sent in on his own account an identical line, but had received no prize. Upon the announcement of the prize winners he directed the attention of the proprietors of the *Weekly Dispatch* to the fact, and requested a cheque for a similar amount. The *Weekly Dispatch* replied, declining to recognise any obligation, but returning the 6d. Mr. F——, through his solicitor, sent back the 6d. and repeated his demand for £29 16s. 5d. The *Weekly Dispatch* thereupon sent him a cheque for £14 18s. 2½d. Mr. F—— returned the cheque and repeated his demand. As we write, and so far as we know, the matter rests there, but we would give heavy odds that it does not go into Court, and that Mr. F—— gets his £29 16s. 5d.

Such is the way in which Limerick competitions are conducted by the proprietors of the *Evening News* and the *Weekly Dispatch*. We invite the police authorities, and those who control them, to say why no proceedings are taken against these people, whilst the police waste public time and money in trying to show that our harmless and honest competitions are "lotteries."

IN THE CITY.

JOINT STOCK TRUST AND FINANCE CORPORATION.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., the late Chairman of this Company, has issued the following circular to the shareholders:—

October 4th, 1907.

Dear Sir (or Madam),—

Re Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Ltd.

You will have received notice that an appointment has been made for my Public Examination in connection with the affairs of the above company, a course which, you may remember, I invited the Official Receiver to adopt when addressing the shareholders at the meeting held under his auspices a year ago. I had hoped that his investigations might have been concluded in less time than they have occupied, as, until matters are out of the hands of the Court, it is impossible to bring to a conclusion certain arrangements upon which, in the interests of the general body of shareholders, I have been engaged for a considerable time past. I trust, however, that with this examination over there may be no further delay in closing the liquidation, thus leaving us free to complete, at any rate, some of the projects which we had in view at the time of the intervention of the wreckers. In the meantime, the principal shareholders and creditors have arranged to be represented at the examination, and you may rely upon everything possible being done to protect your interests.

Yours faithfully,

Horatio Bottomley.

PREMIUM BONDS AND OUTSIDE BROKERS.

A correspondent sends us various publications issued by a firm calling themselves the Atlas Finance Corporation. Also a copy of a journal called the *Cosmopolitan Financier*, which claims to be "a Review of the World's Financial Press." On page 109 of this production is an advertisement: "Premium Gold Bonds at Banker's Prices," inserted by the Atlas Finance Corporation, and sponsored by the *Cosmopolitan Financier*; and on page 119 there is an advertisement of "Profitable Investments," also sponsored by the *Cosmopolitan Financier*, and advertised by the Atlas Finance Corporation. Turning to the documents sent out by the Atlas Finance Corporation, and to the Bonds they recommend, with the prices they ask for them, we may take one list, to which "Special Attention" is directed. The prices asked—and we daresay got—from simple folk by the Atlas Finance Corporation are given below, and by the side of the table we give another at which these Bonds can be bought in the market at the time of writing.

	Atlas Finance Corpn.	Market Price.
City of Antwerp	£5 0 0	£4 0 0
Panama Canal	6 12 6	4 11 0
Congo State	5 0 0	3 10 0
Hungarian Foncier	15 0 0	10 5 0
Paris 1898	18 5 0	17 0 1
Egyptian Foncier, 1903	12 0 0	10 12 0
Paris, 1865	22 5 0	21 7 6
Suez Canal	25 5 0	24 2 6
Credit Foncier, 1899	19 10 0	18 12 0

Then there is a paper which shows what, according to the Atlas Finance Corporation, can be done "with £18 cash." The Bonds it gives for £18 can be bought to-day for £15 3s.

Then we have a list of Italian Premium Bonds, more or less rubbish. Five of these Bonds, including rubbish like—

One Nationale (Bevilacqua La Masa) Bank of Italy Bond; and

One Casa Nationale (Dante Aligheri) Providence Bond

are offered by the Atlas Finance Corporation for £8. They can be bought in the market for £3 15s.

RUBBER.

In his report on the Federated Malay States, the Resident-General makes some observations with respect to rubber, to which the attention of the public may be usefully directed. He writes:—

"The feature of the year has been the expansion of rubber cultivation. The director, in his report for 1905, estimates the area alienated for rubber cultivation at 100,000 acres, and the area planted at 50,000 acres. For 1906 he gives the area alienated as about 200,000 acres, and the total area planted as 85,000 acres, and the number of trees 10,000,000, the number of estates as 242, and the quantity of dry rubber extracted 861,622 lb."

And in the Pahang Administration Report, to be found in the same parliamentary paper, we have the following:—

"Up to a couple of years ago there were but 245 acres of land alienated for rubber cultivation in this State. Since then, however, and specially during the year under review, considerable progress has been made in the opening up of new rubber estates in various parts of Pahang, large areas having been alienated to Europeans and others for that form of cultivation."

And as in the Malay States, so elsewhere, more especially in Ceylon.

AMERICAN STOCKS.

It is not always remembered that the demoralisation in the American Stock Markets dates from the time of the American Life Insurance investigations, when American insurance companies, more or less, ceased to be the dumping grounds of bond syndicates in which their directors were interested. This closed one of the most valuable markets for bonds. Then came the San Francisco disaster and fire insurance companies had to sell over $100,000,000 bonds to pay off losses. Then came the money stringency which forced business men to sell bonds in order to raise funds. Then came the tremendous slump in stocks which also made many rich men sell bonds to protect their speculative commitments. Then came numerous issues of short time notes bearing unusually high rates of interest and naturally many sold bonds bearing from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. to get hold of notes.

These were the many causes of the slump in the bond market, but these adverse factors begin to wear off. More and more bonds are now taken out of the market, and in a few months, if the New York *Financial World* sees the position rightly, we shall see such a substantial improvement that many will wonder how they could have overlooked the many exceptional fine bargains the bond market is offering at present low prices.

The directors of the Great Eastern Motor Omnibus Company claim that they are working at a substantial profit, which enables them to pay a fair dividend. "What," asked the Chairman at the general meeting, "is a reasonable depreciation on chassis, which, from an engineering and efficient point of view, are really better than when received?" His answer is 18 per cent., and he gives reasons for the faith that is in him. But this motor depreciation question, speaking generally, remains a very moot point.

The initial report of the Kent Collieries Company, although avoiding the flamboyant style that found favour in the Burr days, is not a reassuring document. "Under ordinary circumstances," the directors inform shareholders, "the funds that are, or will be, available should be sufficient to place the Company in a commercial and profit-earning position," a guarded statement rendered necessary by the actual figures, which show that out of £185,592 11s. new capital, subscribed and paid up, less a few arrears, only £63,075 18s. has been spent on the works at Dover, yet the balance-sheet shows a practically bankrupt position. Before much can be done in putting coal upon the market No. 3 shaft must be sunk a further 1,000ft., which at the present rate of progression will take years. In our opinion the outlook for the Company is hopeless.

The rise in the price of raw materials has had its effect upon Van den Berghs (Ltd.) as on so many other businesses. The interim dividend just announced is only at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum. Last year it was 12 per cent.

The Brazilian Loan looks inviting on the face of it, working out as it does a yield to the investor of about £5 12s. per cent., but we cannot advise our readers to apply for any of it. The policy of the Brazilian Government towards the coffee planters is full of peril, involving, as it does, the probability of a financial crash in the near future.

The traffics of leading Home Railways for the quarter ended September 30th are in striking contrast to the market quotations of their stock. Thus, whilst the North-Western shows a very heavy fall in quotation as compared with the corresponding period of last year its traffic increase is substantial. The Great Western again shows an increase of £117,800, or nearly double that for the September quarter of 1906.

PENWYOMING.

We commend the following paragraph, taken from the New York *Financial World* of September 14, to the attention of those of our readers, and others, who have been misled into buying the shares of this Company by the puffs of the *Sunday Times*, and similar journals:—

Penwyoming Copper Shares are now offered by Chicago scalpers at 50 cents. A few months ago they were sold by extensive advertising at $1. We don't think that a good block of the stock could be sold at 20 cents a share. The sales at high prices were made by exaggerations. Investors will

have to stand heavy losses. The promoters have made good profits and have reason to be satisfied with their results reaped from the credulity of careless and confiding investors.

THE VICTORIA FALLS POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Victoria Falls Power Company, Limited, have received advices that the electrical power stations at Germiston and Brakpan, on the Rand, purchased respectively from the General Electric Power Company, Limited, and Rand Central Electric Works, Limited, are now supplying power to their utmost capacity, and that it has been found necessary to enlarge the capacity of the Germiston station pending the erection of the new Central Generating Station of 24,000 horse-power capacity, the machinery for which is in an advanced stage of construction.

The Marquess of Winchester, President, Mr. H. Wilson Fox, Vice-President, and Mr. Henry Birchenough, C.M.G., Directors of the Company, have recently paid visits to both the existing power stations, accompanied by Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., Mr. R. D. Mershon, of New York, and Mr. Arthur Wright, electrical engineers to the Company, with the object of examining closely into the economical working of the two stations. The visiting Directors express themselves as well satisfied with the prospects of the business.

SPIERS AND POND, LIMITED.

We have received from Mr. H. B. Stevenson a letter in which he directs our attention to the new scheme shortly coming into force in connection with the twelve hotels owned by Spiers and Pond, Limited, and Mr. Stevenson asks us "as a special favour to give it as wide publicity as possible." We have much pleasure in doing so. It is a scheme intended for people with incomes between £400 and £1,000 a year, and its object is to induce "bachelors, spinsters, or ladies and gentlemen whose families are off their hands," to live at one of the hotels throughout the year, and by doing so to avoid the worry of domestic arrangements. There are no restrictions, and extras have been abolished "as far as possible." The terms seem reasonable, namely, 9s. 2d. per day, save for a few weeks in the year when the charge is a little higher—the total for the year working out at £168. We wish the scheme success.

THE NATIONAL MOTOR MAIL COACH, LTD.

We understand that Messrs. Peters and Boulton, of 2A, Guildhall Chambers, E.C., acting for certain shareholders in this Company, will apply to the Court on the 15th inst. for compulsory winding up. Our readers will remember that voluntary liquidation has been agreed to, but, from information in our possession, we think this eminently a case where there ought to be compulsory liquidation, and we can hardly doubt that the Court will be of the same opinion.

NEW ISSUE.

THE JAVA RUBBER PLANTATIONS, LTD., has been formed with a capital of £35,000, divided into £1 shares, of which 25,500 are offered to the public for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern, as from the first of the present month, certain lands of an area of 2,731 acres in Java. Apparently—we say apparently, because the prospectus is contradictory on the point—none of the land has as yet been planted with rubber, but "about 175 acres have been cleared and are ready for planting." However, the land is growing at the present time cocoa and other things which are estimated to bring in a profit sufficient to pay a 10 per cent. dividend on the first year's working. There is a report by Mr. Herbert Wright, who says that the property is suitable for rubber growing, and he is a recognised authority on the subject, but before the estate can be brought into anything like full rubber bearing much may have happened. For example, it is not unlikely that the price of rubber may have gone down by something like 50 per cent. The shares of this Company represent a very speculative purchase.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—H. P. S. (Barry Dock).—They are neither better nor worse than other people doing the same kind of business. You should have put the circular you send us into the fire. B. S. G. (Bromley).—Although you refer to different people, our answer to "H. P. S." will serve as reply to your question.

INVESTMENT OF £250.—A. C. R. C. (Catford).—It all depends upon the interest that will satisfy you.

BARCLAY AND CO.—G. A. R. (Bromley).—We note what you say about your speculative transactions with this firm. We can only congratulate you upon the result. We do not consider it necessary to modify in any way the criticisms to which you refer. AN ENGINEER (Bethnal Green).—We note that you, too, have found it to your advantage to deal with this firm. It is a little curious that two correspondents should write us on the same day to sing the praises of Barclay and Co., and we can only say that if you have made money by speculating in cotton through their agency we think you are very lucky, and advise you not to push your good fortune too far.

RIO DE JANEIRO TRAMWAYS.—W. D. (Chesterfield).—We do not agree with Messrs. F. W. Bentley and Co. as to the advisability of your investing in the 2½ year 6 Per Cent. Promissory Notes that are being issued by this Company.

MARGINAL SYSTEM.—"Jim Crow" (Swansea).—The marginal system invariably works against the client. Have nothing to do with Arnold and Butler.

FINANCING AN INVENTION.—A. J. C. (Southwark Bridge Road), who wrote to us on this matter, is requested to send us his address.

THE CENTURY ASSURANCE COMPANY.—REPWOO (Birmingham).—The head office of this Company is in Edinburgh. We really cannot undertake to answer questions as to the address of Insurance Companies and other businesses whose names and addresses are to be found in directories and manuals easily obtainable by any member of the public.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—VAL (Westerham).—We should advise you to deal with a better established and stronger Company.

ANGLO-SPANISH COPPER COMPANY.—W. T. (Wigan).—We see no likelihood of dividends. We agree with you that there is nothing to show that the mines are of any value.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT SOCIETY.—W. A. W. (Wimbledon).—The answer is in the negative.

IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—HUMBUG HATER (Birmingham).—Send us your evidence, and we will examine it.

BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. S. (Deptford).—We should prefer another selection.

COLORADO MINING COMPANY.—J. F. M. (Glasgow).—The description does not make your shares any more valuable. We should sell them if you have the opportunity.

WYE VALLEY GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED.—MUGUS (London).—We should prefer the £50 in coin of the realm, having little faith in gold mines in this country. But, maybe, this particular one will turn out trumps. Maybe!

BRITISH INVESTMENT ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—B. S. (Southport).—We have your letter, with its enclosure, but it is impossible for us to deal with the matter whilst it is *sub judice*.

ORIENTAL CAFES, LIMITED.—INVICTA (Maidstone).—It is not unusual. Action was taken on behalf of the debenture holders. We are afraid you have no redress.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—J. E. C. (New Wandsworth).—(1) The list you give is a very good one. (2) You should not buy the shares through the people you name unless you want to pay about 30 per cent. more than their value.

SAFETY OF BANK.—A. R. (Moseley).—Its record is only a short one, and we should prefer one of the banks of older standing.

UNITED PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—PERPLEXED (Birmingham).—We see no advantage in your proposed change from the Prudential Assurance Company.

CARGO FLEET.—STOCKS (Tunbridge Wells).—We think you might buy some more at their present price with the object of averaging.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—J. H. (Lerwick).—Have nothing to do with this concern. We thank you for your kindly wishes.

BRITISH HOMES.—ST. ALBANS.—No.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO PREFERRED.—ARMAND (Newhaven).—Send us your name and address.

THREE SHARES.—L. H. P. (Leytonstone).—Of the three we should prefer the Manchester Brewery.

EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—H. N. G. (London).—It is, of course, young days with the Company as yet. We do not think it is over-capitalised. Probably the present 2s. 6d. call will be followed before long by others, but we notice that the general manager says not.

PREMIUM BONDS.—E. T. M. (Sunderland).—If you read this page you must know that we do not advise the purchase of these Bonds. And if you *will* have them, at least go to the people who will sell them to you at the market price, instead of the rate charged by the persons you name, which is between 20 and 30 per cent. above value.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING SHARES.—A. B. C. (Norwood).—(1) We should hold them, and for the reasons given in your letter among others. (2) As to whether "there is a chance of Kaffirs coming into public favour again," we take it that that will depend a good deal upon profits distributed. The public has to get rid of the notion that they are helpless against the "Big Houses" before they will go back to their old love.

CHARTEREDS.—A. T. VOGLER (London).—We note that you spoke at the Camp Bird meeting of "rotten" Chartereds; and that in the published report of your speech "rotten" is only conspicuous by its absence.

SALE OF BONDS.—CAREFUL (Teddington).—You would get a better price by going elsewhere.

THE GREENWICH CO-OPERATIVE TEA SUPPLY COMPANY.—W. S. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—We agree. It seems an imitation of the Nelson Tea business. We hope none of our readers will be deceived by it.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—A McH. (Aberdeen).—It is rather late in the day to put your question. We should not have advised the course you have taken.

ISLANDS INSURANCE COMPANY.—POLICY (Holborn).—We do not.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—C. M. (Forest Hill).—We should advise another selection.

COALITE.—C. E. M. (Brixton).—We are not aware of any "doubt about the *bona fides* of the company." The question is whether the estimates upon which the directors rely are likely to be borne out. We advise you not to join the committee to which you refer.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—BRACE (Shoreham).—The list you send us is a sound one, and you can hardly go wrong in purchasing any of the shares named.

ONE AND ALL.—TRILO (Cardiff).—The promises are certainly generous, but we are not prepared to say that they cannot be carried out.

THE ECONOMIC BANK, LTD.—ESSEX (Upminster).—We will see what we can do in the matter.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—Mr. G. M. Laverick, of 4, Drakefell Road, St. Catherine's Park, Hatcham, S.E., would like to communicate with "J. J." (Kilburn) with respect to his £100 Bond that he has for sale.

TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS.—J. F. M. (Glasgow).—It looks very much like a mere advertisement, but presumably the particular bond named has drawn the 300,000 franc. prize. There was never any question as to prizes being drawn.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—J. H. (Glasgow).—It is not easy to get 8 per cent. with anything like good security, but the shares of Paquin, Limited, at their present price, and upon their last dividend, would give it.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Of Benson and Benson, Dramatists.

Benson and Benson, "dramatists," of 27, Broad Street House, New Broad Street, E.C., are nothing to do with F. R. Benson, the famous actor-manager, or Bensons of Tudor Street, the equally famous advertisement people. These facts are definite; all the rest is somewhat vague. My interest in Benson and Benson arose in this way. Recently I have had much to say about bogus managers and swindling agents; and suggestions that Benson and Benson might be included among the latter had reached the editor from our readers. Therefore, I decided to take a trip to the City, interview Benson and Benson, place before them the complaints received, listen to their replies, and report thereon. Accordingly, the other afternoon I ascended to the fourth floor of Broad Street House, and knocked timidly on a door labelled with the title and description of Benson and Benson, etc., etc., etc. It was opened by a middle-sized man of about thirty, who rejoiced in a military hair-cut, a brown moustache, and an easy manner. The room was the usual 12 by 15 twenty-five pounder, usefully but not finely furnished. "Benson and Benson?" I queried. "I am Mr. Benson, jun.," replied the middle-sized man, hereinafter to be called the Firm—for Mr. Benson, jun., admitted at an early period of our chat that he was Mr. Benson, sen., also; in fact, for the purposes of this business, that he was all the Mr. Benson's and the only Mr. Benson, too. Either the Firm is a very candid Firm—almost a naïve Firm, indeed—or it acts better than most of our leading Thespians. Never before had I met a Firm so frank in its admissions, so gaily irresponsible of its reputation, so airily hopeful of achievements yet to be.

The Suggestions of the Wicked.

Briefly put, the suggestions conveyed to the editor of this journal by wicked persons, and forwarded to me by him, were these: That Benson and Benson was under grievous suspicion, in that it advertised from the City rather than from the West End, for amateurs desirous of going on the stage; that its advertisements misrepresented what the Firm was prepared to do for these amateurs; that its offices hinted at a poverty of cash resources; that the Firm, when seen by possible clients, could not satisfy them of their *bonâ fides*; that one of its statements as to bookings was denied by a manager whose name had been mentioned; that the main object of the Firm was to extract money from "mugs," especially those of the female persuasion; that it was gathering in the shekels rapidly at the rate of £2 per head of those admitted to the Firm's list; that it had no companies on the road, nor any organisation for putting them there. There were other points in the indictment, but they do not matter; these were enough for me, as the songs says, and they seemed to be nearly enough for the Firm. At any rate, it did not ask for more.

The Firm and Its Accusers.

"The statements of your informants," said the Firm, "are wild distortions rather than absolute fabrications; I deny them *in toto*, so far as they impute dishonesty. There is ground for questioning me, perhaps; none for suggesting that I want to swindle anyone. I admit that one incident that has occurred here might be made to look fishy. A man came to see me with a view to going on the stage, got into my confidence, and then played me a scurvy trick. He said he was a solicitor and used to interviewing people; and as I had outside business one day, I left him in charge of the place. Whom he saw and what he said to them I don't know—except in one case. A lady (a Mrs. Collings) whose daughter had paid £2, came in, and, apparently not knowing her he tried to get her to pay another £2." I coughed. "That was awkward," I said. "Very awkward!" agreed the Firm. "Besides, he took away a postal order that came in whilst I was away—he has returned it since—and I should have prosecuted him had not the police said that as he claimed it for wages due I could not get a conviction for embezzlement." I refrained from arguing the point of law, and referred to my brief. "These payments of £2," I smiled ingratiatingly, as though I had half a mind to pay one myself; "I suppose you give your clients good value for their two pounds?"

Engagements While You Wait.

The Firm beamed. "We guarantee accepted clients engagements at from 30s. to £2 per week." My astonishment was plain. "All of them?" I put in. "Oh, no," hurriedly rejoined the Firm; "only those chosen for the company we are sending out." "The others?" "Well, we explain to them our views—that if they care to take a course of coaching it will cost them £2 (a lady friend of mine gives the lessons in this room), we will try and suit them in other companies to be organised later on. Some of our clients pay nothing; they are ladies who can act already, and are prepared to supply their own dresses. Those who pay the £2, and cannot go into the first company, agree to wait and go into others if we can suit them, and if not to try elsewhere. At any rate, they get £2 worth of tuition. Even in these days of innumerable academies and schools of acting, one cannot get much dramatic training for £2, either in Gower Street or at Broad Street House." I did not dispute with the Firm on its theory of value.

John Donald and Others.

I pricked up my ears when the name of Mr. John Donald, formerly Mr. Oswald Stoll's lieutenant at the Coliseum, and the occupant of other important posts in the entertainment world, drifted into the conversation. For I have known John Donald during many years, and his name stands for straightness. "I hope to get Mr. John Donald into the concern in due course," said the Firm; "he is trying to book our first company now." That company, *vide* my brief, should have been the "Night and Morning" Company, Benson and Benson justifying their claim to be called dramatists by the authorship of this presumptive masterpiece and a new version of "East Lynne." The Firm admitted that "Night and Morning" was no go; that the idea of a tour with that play had been abandoned. "So that we are left with our old friend, 'East Lynne'?" I queried. The Firm assented cheerily. "And what of the company engaged for 'Night and Morning'?" I went on. "Well," replied the Firm, with decreasing heartiness, "Miss Horrocks (daughter of a well-known lawyer), who was to have played lead in 'Night and Morning," will do so probably in 'East Lynne'; she wants to, and I think it can be fixed up. She was the only artiste really engaged for the abandoned tour." It has been suggested that Benson and Benson have claimed bookings not actually made. For example, that they had said that 'East Lynne' was to visit the new theatre at Edmonton, whereas Mr. Joseph Moss, the manager, does not seem to be aware of the fact. "That was not a claim based on John Donald's letter?" I hazarded. "No," assented the Firm, "and Mr. Kaufmann, now in the country (like Mr. Donald, who is at Hayling Island) told me he thought he could fix that; I did not say it was actually fixed. Mr. Donald has arranged for 'East Lynne' to open at the Prince's Theatre, Llandudno, at the end of this month, and to play three other weeks elsewhere, two of them in succession to the first."

The Question of Capital.

I put it to the Firm that he must be a man of means to venture to promise "engagements" in return for £2 fees when he had only four houses on his book, and mentioned slyly the subject of bankers. The Firm rose partly to the bait, but finished by only nibbling it. "I started here two months ago on my return from the United States," he said, "with £150 capital. When I have paid Allen's bill for printing, and all other expenses, at the worst, I shall have enough cash in hand to give two weeks' notice to the 'East Lynne' Company, and to pay everybody if we strike bad luck. We commence rehearsals on the 21st. Where? I don't know yet, but somewhere in London." In conclusion, I put it plainly to the firm: Did he still think the terms of his advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Stage* were justified by what he could actually do for his clients? "As to that," was the retort, "I stick to the advertisements word for word; as to what I may have said to some of the numerous time-wasters who have come up here simply to talk, I may have told them a few fairy tales to get rid of them. But all those who have put money down know why; and I've given you all the story so far as I see it." "And why did you come to the City rather than go to the West End?" I asked as a last shot. "Well, there's too many of us there already," replied the Firm. Perhaps he's right.

A Bad System.

Now, I say nothing against Benson and Benson as individuals (or as an individual), because I know nothing more than is common knowledge about most of the so-called agents and minor touring managements. In fact, Benson and Benson rather pleased me. They are playing an old game in an old way; and it need not be a dishonest game necessarily, although often it is a risky one. My censure remains for the system, not for those who work it or who fall victims to it. My incessant saying that ordinary girls are fools to go on the stage at all will not prevent thousands of them from doing so every year; because most girls know so little of life as to imagine themselves quite extraordinary girls. This being so, it will be a long time before the supply of clients for the Benson and Bensons of this world runs short. And the supply of clients will continue to create the firms; and the firms again will create more clients. And so on, ad infinitum. It is a mad world, my masters!

P.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XXVII.—THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MERELY MARY ANN.

Everywhere there is a constantly growing demand for merely Mary Ann. We advertise for her, and she does not arrive. We pay our half-crown to the Registry Office, and she doesn't care tuppence. Problem and paradox, she is at once a treasure and a tribulation, a necessity and a nuisance. No home can be happy without her, and no home can be happy with her. We engage her as a servant at anything between the utmost she has the face to ask and the least we have the courage to offer, and she becomes our mistress. She objects to children, and she rather wouldn't wear caps. We think she can wash the door-step, and find she has a greater talent for the piano. As a special favour we allow her to bring her young man into the kitchen, and she refreshes him with whisky from the dining-room. She is supposed to get up early of a morning, and Providence won't be able to wake her in time for the resurrection; not if it occurs before breakfast.

Do not suppose for a moment that I am prejudiced against the lady, for with all her faults there are moments when I like the way she does her hair. Besides, there are too few of her to go round; and if the example of the Government of New South Wales is followed by other Colonies, it looks as if there would be still fewer of her at the next time of asking. In brief, the New South Wales Government will ship fifty Mary Anns to Sydney at the end of the month, per s.s. "Miltiades." On board they will revel in luxury under the care of a matron, and will be guaranteed situations at high wages on the other side. "It's a splendid chance for the British domestic servant," says the Government Emigration Agent enthusiastically. "If she is good looking she gets six or seven offers of marriage before leaving the boat. It doesn't help the servant difficulty in the Colony, but it swells the marriage returns." And in the natural course of things I suppose it also increases the perambulator trade, and establishes home-grown products firmly on the soil.

Lest Mary Ann should be attracted from the British kitchen by these dazzling prospects, I beg her to pause in her wild career. As I have said, we cannot do without her. If she will only not desert us for ever and ever, and leave us tearful and alone, we will increase her allowance by one pot of best apricot jam, half a pound of butter, six eggs, five slices of bacon, three cwt. of best kitchen nuts, two pairs of high-heeled boots, one have-a-peep blouse, and three evenings in the week off and all day Sundays. She may also take lessons on our piano, consider herself one of the family, leave the washing-up to converse with the policeman, postman, milkman, greengrocer, or baker at the garden gate, have her breakfast in bed, and be excused from early morning prayers. If there is anything else she would like, may heaven inspire her to mention it.

Humbly I submit that if she yearns to commit matrimony, it is unnecessary that she should go all the way to New South Wales to do so. We will find her a husband, and she may bring him to our happy home. He shall have a peg for his hat in the hall, a suite of rooms newly furnished on the top floor, and he may consider all the space between the front attic and the back lumber room his own, free of rent, rates, and taxes, and no charge made for gas, coal, firewood, or physic. Why then should Mary Ann banish herself from her native land and all that she loves dear? If she would rather have a pension at forty than a husband at sweet twenty-one, we will arrange matters at once. Let her call on our solicitor and mention the amount of the pension she regards as suitable for her social status, and we will invest a capital sum, to cover, in railway stock, consols, garden soil, crimson winter rhubarb, or other high-class security. Anything to oblige. Anything to keep the home together.

Dire is our need of Mary Ann, and therefore I enter my solemn protest against the attempt of the Government of New South Wales to lure her from her own dear native land. If there were too many of her, if we could all get even one apiece, I would not object to the surplus going to New South Wales, Timbuctoo, Jericho, or any other place in earth, sea, or sky; but at a time when a great and grievous scarcity has fallen on the land, I say it is outrageous that a Colony which professes to be united to us in bonds of love should carry Mary Ann away from our shores in batches of fifty at a time.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

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are things which do not so much happen as they are searched for and found. In troubling to place yourself in touch with Hapgoods, you place yourself in touch with opportunities. Our extensive work on behalf of employers who want high-grade competent men enables us to place to advantage those men who possess special ability and a good record. If you are a man of that sort, write us to-day.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Lord Bishop of London.

My Lord,—You are considered a good fellow, but surely your zeal is outrunning your discretion. I suppose it is difficult to do anything quietly in Yankeeland, but don't you think your antics are making you just a little bit ridiculous? Perhaps you could not prevent what the papers call "the usual sensation" wherever you went, or the congregation of millionaires fighting for pews to hear you preach. But you need not have been quite so garrulous in your intercourse with Yankee reporters. Take that tennis match, for instance. I have no objection to your having a game with Roosevelt, if you are not frightened by his face. But why seek to make it into a sort of international sporting event? No doubt it will be a flattering reflection that you inspired more betting than even the race for the America Cup. With your well-known views on the wickedness of wagers you may enjoy a vicarious satisfaction over the flutters you have caused. But you are affording the enemies of the Church an opportunity to blaspheme.

John Bull.

To Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P.

Sir,—You are an adept in the art of courting unpopularity. I don't know why you wanted it, but you evidently did, and now you have it. You had already made yourself ridiculous by your antics at the head of the monstrous regiment of women. You had made yourself odious to many by your championship of the Zulu. Now you are qualifying for infamy by your efforts to alienate the Indian Empire. That Empire was built up by the blood and treasure of our ancestors, and it is the most glorious jewel in our imperial diadem. By attempting to cast it before swine you are not only incurring the anger of Englishmen, but the contempt of all honest Indians. You see, you are not taking up the cudgels on behalf of the pukka Indian, the fighting man, the man of action. You throw yourself into the arms of educated native agitators, whose one aim and purpose is to destroy British rule in India. They would not stop at incitements to the horrors of another mutiny. Would you, Mr. Keir Hardie—would you?

There is much in the administration of Bengal which calls for remedy. I am prepared even to admit that it would be an act of high wisdom on the part of Mr. Morley to institute a thorough inquiry into the grievances of the natives. You could have moved quietly among them, and brought the facts to the attention of the House of Commons. That you would rather fling your brands into the burning is not only additional evidence of that impracticability which has made you an egregious failure as a political leader, but it is additional evidence also of that irresponsibility which has brought your reputation to the level of the street-corner tub-thumper. Nobody who knows you attaches any importance to what you say. But among the ignorant natives of India you are apt to be taken at your own valuation, which is that of a great statesman. Running wild in India, therefore, you are too dangerous to ignore, and the question arises: What shall be done with you? I suggest that you should receive a peremptory invitation to "move on."

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P.

My Dear Sir,—You were duly warned not to be in a hurry to renew relations with the regicide Government in Servia, but you allowed yourself to be fooled. Now the torture and murder of Captain Novakovitch in gaol by emissaries of the Servian Government may enable you to realize the kind of people with whom you have brought yourself in contact. I have given you good advice in the past, and I now give you good advice for the immediate future. You must recall the British Minister from Belgrade. It is monstrous that the representatives of this philanthropic nation should be brought into close personal contact with miscreants who mutilate defenceless women and torture political prisoners in gaol.

John Bull.

To J. R. W. Bros, Esq., Police Magistrate, Clerkenwell.

How d'you do, my dear Bros? Still chirpy, I see. You don't get into the papers as much as some of your learned brethren of the London Bench—as much as Plowden the great comedian, for instance. Still, you do creep in every now and again, and that must be a great comfort in these days of keen competition.

"I don't know what will happen when we all get pensions," you remarked the other day. "A very large number of pensioners get drunk now, and if pensions were universal I suppose we should all get drunk." It is possible that a gifted man may do much with five shillings a week—some men do a great deal with less; but on the whole I am not inclined to think that Old Age Pensions will materially increase the general thirst. Take your own case, my dear Bros. Five shillings a week—eightpence ha'penny a day. Do you think, on that sum, you could attract the attention of the police in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call you? To become drunk and "dis." on eightpence ha'penny a day a man has to be a born specialist. In the words of the author of a touching popular ballad, he must "come where the booze is cheaper, come where the pots hold more"; and that necessitates a highly developed geographical sense, very rare in the working classes.

Therefore, don't pessimise, my dear Cadi. Instead of Old Age Pensions inducing us to drown our sorrows in drink, they are much more likely to banish them in food. However, when I achieve eightpence ha'penny a day as a permanency, I shall be delighted to ask you to take wine with me.

John Bull.

To Dean Dolan, of Sheffield.

Dear Dean,—Really, don't you think it rather late in the day to advertise what you consider to be the defects of "The Cloister and the Hearth"? Well do I remember the delight of reading it in *Once a Week* under the first title of "A Good Fight." No doubt the sturdy commonsense and sledge-hammer methods of the author would prove irritating to a namby-pamby generation, but surely you do not expect us to eschew literature because you find something which does not tickle your particular fancy? Are we to discard everything which makes for enjoyment in life at the bidding of a truculent minority? The hateful spirit of intolerance seems to be breaking out in several places at once. Incidentally, I notice that one of the speakers at the P.S.A. conference in Liverpool said he knew of one society that celebrated its harvest festival by giving a sixpenny mixed dance, and his statement was greeted with cries of "Shame!" I suppose if your dissenting backer could speak the thoughts of his brethren, "Pickwick" would no longer upset the milk of the unco' guid, and we might also be constrained to eliminate "Oliver Twist" at the bidding of Boards of Guardians. Seriously, do you think it would matter much if you ducked down? There is no compulsion for you to read this book or any other, as far as I know, but it is somewhat puzzling to know your right to dictate to others what they should read or study. Now, my dear fellow, don't be an ass. If you like to attack the modern novel, full of pruriency and erotic suggestion, well and good; that kind of thing is subversive of public morals, and we can readily agree in thinking such books better unwritten. But because a writer chooses to colour his work with his own religious or political views, that is no reason for our putting him on the Index Expurgatorius at your bidding. Your way out is simple. Expound your ideas to your own flock if you will, and kindly keep your nose out of other people's business. No doubt you mean well, but as Grayson observed, "The road to hell is paved with broken bottles."

John Bull.

To the Right Rev. Joh. Norvic, D.D.

Dear Dr. Sheepshanks,—Bishops have been more than usually in the public eye lately, and, for a wonder, some of them have been talking a vast amount of common sense. I humbly join my voice with yours in condemnation of Bishops' palaces, and other worldly pomp. We have it on excellent authority that he who desireth a bishopric desireth a good work. I have been reading your speech in favour of Disestablishment, whereby, as you remark, the Church would gain much freedom as a religious community—moral and spiritual benefit, no longer bolstered up against the convictions and will of the people. Well, we have lately seen the coming together of three sections of the people called Methodists, and you and I must agree that it is good to see such smoothing away of differences. May I, then, venture to hope that before long the "Church of England" will receive an impetus for good by an absorption which many deem ultimately inevitable? It is but a breath which keeps the great Wesleyan Church outside your borders; cannot the barriers be broken down? And, further, my lord, it is said, with good reason, that your Church is the Church of the rich and the middle-class, and not the Church of the poor. Well, General Booth is getting old. Can't you make a bid for the Salvation Army, too?

John Bull.

John Bull to Sir Homewood Crawford: "Will you explain, Mr. City Solicitor?"

CROQUET.

By An Old Crock.

I have never been able to understand why croquet should have been long and persistently despised by the ignorant. Speak of it to the followers of football or gentlemen of the turf, and they will open their eyes very wide. Billiards they know and golf they know, but what is this? The average person is firmly convinced that it is a feeble, foolish game, fit only for school girls and curates.

Rise of the Game.

No doubt croquet has not the prestige of antiquity, like bowls, whose memory is kept green by the greens of castles and manors; or golf, which may have engrossed the Picts and Scots. It is said to derive its origin from pêle-mêle, to which it now bears no resemblance whatever. The precise date of its birth is unknown, but Mr. Kenrick tells us that it came over from Ireland in 1850. For a long time it was played with small wooden balls and wide yawning hoops, affording one of the dreary distractions of garden parties during the mid-Victorian period. I remember, in the seventies, not only a crude version of the present 4-ball game, but also a silly 2-ball game and an endless 8-ball game. You thought yourself very clever if you made one hoop at a time, and you thought your adversary very spiteful if he sent your ball flying into a flower-bed at the remotest end of the lawn. It was all very different from the modern game, where a good player makes eleven points with one ball, gives his adversary one long shot, then makes a break with the other ball, sends his partner through the last two hoops, and goes out.

Decline and Revival.

Somewhere about 1867, a few people began to evolve tactics and a certain amount of science. The game became popular, a central club was formed, definite laws were drawn up, various improvements were introduced. Then, with startling rapidity, croquet was overthrown, almost killed, by the introduction of lawn tennis. In 1877 the All-England Croquet Club became the All-England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club; in 1882 it became the All-England Lawn Tennis Club. Scarcely any one remembered that croquet had ever existed. I only met it at one country house in the eighties, where it was played on wet afternoons in winter when there was no hunting. And, very properly, these cherishers of the sacred lamp during the dark days of the dispersion were among the most celebrated players at the time of the revival. This revival took place in 1894, and has been followed by an era of constantly increasing popularity.

The Croquet World.

So popular is the pastime that you may even hear people speak of "the croquet world," quite a substantial microcosm, full of friendly people whose orbits from tournament to tournament are forever intersecting all through the summer months. In their realm are princes and princesses, the champions and gold medallists and minus-bisquers, who are pointed out with awe and observed at play with varying intelligence. There are no professional players, no pot-hunters (for the pots are very small), no bullies or toadies in the "croquet world." The novice is made welcome as he will be at no other pastime, and he feels himself made free of a family rather than of a world. During the day he learns blessed lessons of discipline, while he waits his turn to play, and grumbles not, though he may have to content himself with watching the masters of the art. And in the evening, at the country inn, he shall listen open-mouthed to the famous fights which are re-enacted over the walnuts and the wine.

The Language of Croquet.

Unlike most "shop," the anecdotage of croquet is always entertaining, often picturesque. It is also more veracious than that of angling, perhaps because it is more easy to control. Next to the recitation of exploits, the favourite discussion turns upon handicaps. One self-sacrificing official of the Association devotes laborious nights and days to apportioning bisques and half-bisques. Every player seems to spend most of his energy in struggling to obtain either more bisques or less bisques. Either he aspires to greater glory or to ampler opportunity. And, when you meet another player, the first invariable question is, "What are you?" the which is not to ask whether you plough or preach or pilfer, but the number of your bisques.

The Science of the Game.

The game itself is an abstruse science, whereof the rudiments are easily acquired. It cannot be described in a few lines, but if anyone is anxious to pursue it, let him acquire a wonderful book, entitled "Modern Croquet Tactics," by Mr. C. D. Locock. Here he will find all the finesse of the play, from the pros and cons of the various openings, the preparation and ending of breaks, peeling, wiring, etc., down to the triumph of a successful cannon. This, I believe, is an innovation. It is certainly far and away the most ingenious stroke at croquet. With the aid of Mr. Locock's diagrams, you have only to find three or four balls in a corner, and, by judicious arrangement and measurement, you can at one stroke go to any of the outer hoops and find a break new laid.

Reasons for Enthusiasm.

Among the chief charms of the game are its infinite variety—the fact that a player need never despair, for, however far behind he may be, there is always a hope of securing the balls and retrieving the position; good exercise in the open air, and an obligation to keep the wits alert at every instant, for one small tactical error may suffice to throw away a promising game. I believe also that it is the only sport where ladies can always meet men on equal terms.

SISTERS-IN-LAW.

By Jim Crow.

I am one of those who were prepared to die in the last trench resisting the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. It should only pass into being over my corpse. But I sometimes ask myself, at dead of night, when walls have closed their ears: "Why do we make so great a fuss over so small a measure? Few persons and no wide interests are involved; the question can turn no election, scarcely even a vote. Why not devote your time and genius to some more profitable cause?"

"Principle, my dear Sir," I reply to myself; and there is a refreshing satisfaction in reflecting that, for once, I am giving opportunism the go-by, standing up for the cause of the Church and the cause of Morality.

"Fiddlesticks," is the retort of my critical self; "the Church is only concerned with religion, and religion enters into the question not at all, unless you go back to the old Jews, who permitted all manner of marriages which are taboo to-day. Morality, though it may have some concern with consanguineous unions, is no arbiter on degrees of affinity."

Hereupon I move the closure, lest introspective debate should breed Balfourian convictions. By "the Church" I mean no set of dogmas, but the concentrated wisdom of ages, which may not be lightly set aside. For centuries the civilised portion of mankind has prohibited marriage within certain degrees. If we are to depart from a venerable practice, the onus of proof lies with the innovators. I submit that no proof has been produced.

And I am content to take my stand on the ground of expediency. The new law cannot fail to affect the harmony and comfort of society, and that far more seriously than superficial observers have perceived. It is true that only an infinitesimal fraction of the populace will desire to take advantage of the new form of wedlock. But the millions of men whose wives have sisters, and the millions of women whose sisters have husbands, will find themselves directly affected in the amenities of daily life. Convention has laid down different rules for the behaviour for a man and a woman according as they may or may not marry. To transfer them from the one category to the other is to restrict their innocent liberties.

Some of us, who are married, find a constant delight in the friendship and sympathy of our sisters-in-law. We take them into our confidence with almost the same frankness which we owe to our sisters-in-blood; we are happy to remember that we may visit and even caress them without the fear of any whisper of scandal. And those who have the double misfortune of being widowers and possessing children can import a sister-in-law to their homes as an ideal housekeeper. Now, in obedience to the clamour of a few obscure fanatics, all this happiness is to be extinguished. Henceforth, a wife's sister must be regarded as a stranger, not to be approached familiarly by a husband, nor without the suspicion of conjugal intentions by a widower.

For my part, I consider that the existing marriage laws are almost inconveniently lax, and that, instead of removing the very proper barriers which already exist, we might well impose others. In various countries belonging to the Orthodox Church, a man may not marry his cousins or his godfather's children, any more than he may marry his grandmother. I do not, of course, desire to impose here restrictions upon marriage with relatives whose connection has only been established at the font, but I do contend that consanguinity imposes greater obligations than have hitherto been recognised.

I am all for liberty in its fullest possible extension, but some regard must be paid to the corollaries of matrimony and to the future of the race. Now I feel better.

OUR SPRING POET'S NIGHT OUT.

By A. Hunter.

The Poet Ponders.

The poet sat in his room and pondered deeply. Beside him were pens, ink, and paper; but he wrote not. For many hours he sat thus, as one waiting for an inspiration; then he suddenly arose and gnashed his teeth in bitterness at the barrenness of his muse.

His Physical Exercise.

And he lifted up his voice, and said: Of what avails it that I burn the midnight oil? Lo! I will hie me unto the haunts of men—even unto the busy world—that I may study its ways and be wise.

He Sets Forth upon an Important Mission.

And he straightway turned down the wick of his paraffin lamp, and girded up his loins and departed, through the streets, through the black and dark streets, into the light and the noise and the bustle of the mighty city.

And Makes a Great Discovery.

And he looked him around, and saw that men and women did go into divers mansions that shone with a great brightness. And many there tarried and departed not; but some he perceived did issue thence wiping their mouths.

And he journeyed north, south, east, and west, and he saw the same thing. Young men and maidens, old men and children, with the pitcher, with the can, with the bottle, and with their mouths, did they all hasten to taste of the precious waters that flowed so freely.

Seeing a vast gathering of people by the roadside, he bent his steps thither, and beheld two men who did fight and comport themselves the one to the other like unto the beasts of the field. And he said to one who stood by: Tell me, I pray thee, wherefore these men do quarrel and maltreat one another? And he answered him: They have been drinking.

Anon he did perceive two more who did clasp one another by the hand, and did weep and play strange antics, after the manner of the ape, so that the multitude that beheld them shouted with laughter. And once more he asked why these things should be. And yet again the reply came: They have been drinking.

His Observations Thereon.

Then said he unto himself: Of a truth, this people do suffer with a mighty thirst that dieth not.

Anon he came unto a hall of music, and passed in. And behold, there was much noise and revelry. And he sate him down awhile to wait for the music.

And it came to pass there stood forth a man whose nose was red with pigment, and who called out in a loud voice that the mother of the wife of his bosom had come to stay with him eternally. And the people did laugh and clap their hands and rejoice with an exceeding great joy, whereat the poet marvelled greatly.

His Perplexity.

And perchance there came one unto him who said: Lo! the horse of my fancy did travel exceeding swift this day, so that I have flocks and herds in abundance, gold and silver, and much fine raiment. Come therefore with me, that I may purchase thee an opener of the eye.

Then the poet looked around, and perceived that the great thirst did reach man even here, and that many came who hearkened not to the voice of the man with the red nose, but did minister plentifully to their everlasting drought.

He is Tempted.

And he tasted. And the savour thereof was pleasant, so that he drank again and yet again. And his eyes were opened, and he laughed at the man whose nose was dyed, and cried out: O, let us be joyful. And the people around him said: Hush! But he cried again yet louder: O, let us be joyful, for I, the ignorant bookworm, have this day dipped into the great Book of Life. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we are sober. And the vast concord of people did gather round him, so that the man with the red nose did bellow his plaint regarding the mother of the wife of his bosom in vain.

And there suddenly drew nigh one with much gold braid about his person, at the sight of whom the people fell back, and were hushed. And he took hold of the poet by the arm, and, gently leading him through sundry passages, did show him the way into the street—with his foot.

And Falls.

Anon the poet rose from the gutter and departed in peace.

Home, the Place for the Weary.

And as the midnight hour tolled forth, the poet's head was resting on the steps of his abode.

And he lifted up his voice, and snored.

Y. B. A.

"AN INTERESTING PROBLEM."

Why does B earn more than A? A has received the better education; started higher up the ladder; had better prospects to start with. Yet B passes him in the race for success. Why? Seek for the cause. Go to the root of the matter. Can you not do more, and better work, if you can trust your memory? How many times has a faulty memory betrayed you into error and loss of time? Reason it out. You may never have given the matter thought, but a little reflection will show you what you owe to memory. Experience—knowledge—foresight—these are the qualities that make success in every business and profession, and all three are the fruits of memory. The better the memory, the greater the available experience, the wider the knowledge, the clearer the foresight.

To the man of business memory means money, because the success of business detail depends upon memory. To the clerk memory means position, because a man's value to his employer increases with his experience. His rise in position and salary depends upon his knowledge of the details and requirements of his employer's business. To the student memory means success, because it means recollection of all that is read and learned. Half the student's time is wasted in vainly endeavouring to fix facts in his memory, failure in examination is invariably due to knowledge which has slipped from memory.

If you wish to succeed, you must bear in mind the fact that it is only by your mental efficiency that you can do so. You must rely on your own efforts, and unless you are able to readily acquire knowledge, and, equally important, to as readily recall that knowledge when needed, you stand but a poor chance. The men who have done things, who are doing things now, and who will do the things of the future, the thinkers of the race—philosophers, scientists, successful men of business—always have been, and will be, men who have trained their minds to remember. The successful men in Art, in Literature, in Science, and in Business are the men who think, and memory is the basis of thought.

There are two equally important functions in memory, the first is the ability to acquire, the second to recall. If you are unable to recall what you have studied, then you have wasted the time spent in trying to learn. Merely to memorise sufficient subjects to enable you to pass examinations is not sufficient; you must be able to recall what you have studied. The specific distinction between an educated and an uneducated man is in the power of reflection, the memory of the former having been trained, that of the latter being untrained. In the use of the brain lies the true difference between individuals. You must train your memory if you wish to succeed; it can be trained, improved, and developed, just as surely as the muscles can be developed by a proper course of training. In daily life thousands of business and professional men and women have found

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VARIOUS VOLUMES.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Mr. Meyer's Pupil." By Eva Lathbury. (London: Rivers. 1907. Price 6s.)

There is a certain ingenuity about this story though it is very, very slight. The author evidently deems dialogue her strong point, and she can bring forth an epigram from time to time; but there is a whiff of midnight oil, a sort of coy, mechanical self-consciousness. At first I thought I detected an imitation of the inimitable Mallock. Then I thought, peradventure there was also an unconscious imitation of Brummagem Benson, the Balfour of fiction. But perhaps the author knows neither Mallock nor Benson. She is witty and clever in a small way. Her book can be read without annoyance. I am saying all I can in its favour. The plot is thin, though none the worse for that. The heroine is lured into becoming governess to a friend of her guardian. She prevents an elopement with some tact, and marries the man who, after all, never really meant to elope. This is the kind of thing:—

> "Why did you marry him, Lady Violet?"
>
> "Well, my dear, there was so much lace and jewellery, such generous settlements and congratulations, that I never really noticed the good man until we were driving from the church, when I became aware how much of the brougham he required. He looked very large and terribly hot, and he breathed, as he does now, in moments of excitement, through his nose. The shock was awful, and the honeymoon ended in an attack (luckily a mild one) of brain fever."

I hesitate, lest I may be thought to be condemning with faint praise; but I think the just verdict is to say that this book is above the average. It is not a work of genius, but it has its merry moments. We may read it, and even recommend it to such as are not too fastidious.

"The 10.12 Express." By Walter E. Grogan. (London: Sisley's. 1907. Price 6s.)

This is a very complicated story, and is evidently intended to rely on its complications. I read it with more interest than satisfaction. The tangle is so intricate that there is apparently no hope of extrication. Eventually all things are explained and the longest memories are satisfied. I am not sure that I should have read the book right through for pleasure, but it is successful in arousing curiosity. That is perhaps the chief merit of a book which is concerned with murder and detectives. The incidents are more plausible than the characters.

"Cordova, a City of the Moors." By Albert F. Calvert and Walter M. Gallichan. (London: Lane. 1907. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The exuberance of language in this book is appropriate to the subject. The style is highly polished, there are many appeals to the imagination, and we obtain the impression of "colour, heat, and somnolence," which the authors associate with Cordova. Here are a few typical panegyrics:—

> The romance that lingers about the Moorish courtyards and the perfumed gardens, and the surviving, persuasive suggestion of age, will stimulate the stranger's senses and imagination. . . . He will conjure shapes of sultan, wizard, genii and sage, and see the lovely retinue of fair women within the palaces of the swarthy potentates. . . . Hushed is the voice of the muezzin; no longer can men sit entranced at the strains of the musicians, or listen to the recitals of the doctors and the poets. But the same notes of the nightingale drift on the perfumed breeze of evening, and the hawks still sail and soar above the minaret. And in the Court of Oranges, girls of erect and Moorish mien bear Oriental pitchers on their heads, as they resort to the fountain for water; while through the open door of the Mezquita one may scent the incense and see the tangled vista of Arabic arches. . . . Thus Cordova, though in a sense dead, still lives and speaks. . . .

Fine writing of this kind is apt to cloy, but the authors are mercifully brief. They give us but 108 pages of letterpress to 160 reproductions of photographs. These are all huddled together at the end of the book, an unusual, but not unsatisfactory plan. You have only to turn over the pictures and you obtain an excellent idea of Cordova. I must confess that Cordova is by no means my favourite town in Spain. Of course, the old mosque—now a cathedral—is one of the wonders of the world, and to linger there is an exquisite delight. But there is an atmosphere of melancholy at Cordova; the dirt and discomfort are irritating; somehow the prevailing charms of Spain are rare. Still, the drawbacks are only comparative, for every place in Spain is a little paradise, and Mr. Lane's "Spanish Series" will be welcomed by all lovers of the smiling peninsula. Cordova could not be omitted, but I look forward with greater pleasure to reading the same authors on Toledo, Granada, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza.

"Modern Argentina: the El Dorado of To-Day; with Notes on Uruguay and Chile." By W. H. Koebel. (London: Griffiths. 1907. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

We know too little about the South American republics, and this well-written, well-illustrated book serves to fill a hiatus. It is full of information about Argentina from every aspect, and almost every aspect is rosy. Even criticism is dealt out with a velvet hand. For instance, we are told of Argentina ladies that "it has been reproached them that the neighbourhood of mid-day is a late one at which to rise, that a couple of hours spent on the toilet is too much, and that the rouge and powder-puff which come into occasional use are unfair aids to beauty. Be this as it may, it must be admitted that the end justifies as a rule the means employed." And they possess "the almost perfect features and exuberant beauty of the traditional Spaniard." As to government, the republic "is now free from those opera-bouffe and financial-pirate taints which formerly clung to it. Its constitution is admirable, and the majority of its laws are well framed." Public security is good, and the police are satisfactory. Social life is gay, the natives are hospitable, the towns are luxurious, the country districts are romantic. Altogether, it seems an ideal place for a holiday, and I am grateful to Mr. Koebel for his introduction to a land of so much promise. He has not given us a brilliant book, but it is full of information and entertainment.

"The Career of John Bull." (London: Kegan Paul. 1907. Price 3s. 6d.)

The only attractive part of this volume is the title. The rest is inane doggerel, much of which neither scans nor rhymes. Here are some specimen lines:—

> "Then Eve for some sedative sought,
> And this, as if by instinct, caught."
>
> "But when abroad the trader goes
> Currants only at Patras he knows."
>
> "This time, however, Mrs. B.
> Accompanied John to Italy,
> Though he protested much in snorts
> 'My business only lies in ports.'"

The twaddle is not even unconsciously amusing.

"A Minor Poet Sings."

This little book seems to have sprung suddenly from nowhere. We are not told the name of the author, there is evidently no publisher, and we find no whisper of anything so sordid as a price. All the information vouchsafed is that "300 copies only were printed, May 24, 1907, by Murray and Co., 180, Brompton Road, in the Royal Borough of Kensington." Such modesty is refreshing in an age of advertisement. One cannot feel very angry with a minor poet who sings in such a minor key, even though he often sings out of tune. But it would be a mistaken kindness to encourage him to persevere with his minstrelsy. I suppose that all minor poets bay at the moon, but the following ululation is absurder than most:—

> "The still moon shed her wonder-light,
> The tranquil stars glowed pale,
> Upon the restful heart of night
> The wearied winds did fail,
> And not a breath up-bore to heaven
> Her soundless wail."

Not being a poet myself, I do not quite understand how a wail can be soundless. Perhaps, however, the word is a misprint for whale.

Then we have the stupid inquiry, "Love, hast thou felt?" As if anything so transcendent as love could concern itself with the sordid details of druggets or hats! If we must associate the tender passion with anything so prosaic, let us at least inquire: "Love, hast thou thy prayer-carpet, or thy sombrero?" In the course of the poem, which follows this enquiry, we find some strange examples of minor scansion and minor rhyme:—

> "Thy soul had floated suddenly—
> Floated—and there seemed to lie."

I hope I have now said enough to persuade the author that he would be more profitably employed in breaking stones than in maundering about roses and kisses and moonlight.

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SHAMS.

"£5 IN GOLD FOR £1."

Two correspondents send us large circulars with the above heading. The one purports to be that of T. Lewis and Co., Wholesale and Retail Jewellers, 69, Market Street, Manchester; the other, that of the United Jewellers, Ltd., Wholesale and Retail Jewellers, 188, Great Clowes Street, Manchester; but as the circulars are identical, except for address and colour, we may assume that they emanate from the same people, and we will take the one which is sent out by the people who call themselves T. Lewis and Co.

A Norwich correspondent, attracted by the offer of "£5 in gold for £1," and only 2s. down, "thinking it a very fair offer—*i.e.*, to receive the £5 worth of jewellery on deposit of 2s.," sent the 2s., but, needless to say, did not get the £5 worth of jewellery. Instead, he got a letter, beginning "Esteemed Patron," asking for the balance of 18s., "when the set of jewellery ordered shall be forwarded, to you by registered post in due course." Our correspondent adds that he was sent a payment card, which he was required to send to headquarters every time he paid his monthly 2s., and he wants to know what is to prevent Messrs. T. Lewis and Co. from "keeping the card after his last payment, leaving him no proof that he has paid the £1?" Nothing, so far as we can see, except, of course, whatever sense of honour Messrs. T. Lewis and Co. may happen to have.

Our correspondent requested Messrs. Lewis and Co. to return the 2s., since they were not prepared to carry out their undertaking as to the £5, but all he got in reply was a long letter repeating the request for payment of the balance of 18s., which we hope he has not sent them.

It is strange that intelligent men should be misled by these offers, but they are, and all we can do is, from time to time, to remind our readers of the true character of the people who make them.

FLOREAT LIPTONIA.

(With Apologies to Horatius.)

Our Tommy brave of Camberwell,
By the Nine Hams he swore;
That the great house of Lipton
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Hams he swore it,
And named a trysting day;
And to the Yacht Club he rode forth,
And to his builder motored North—
I'll get on with my lay.

They held a council standing
Before the river gate,
And Tommy swore by all his gore,
Old Sammy he would bait.
"I'll have that pot, or else I'll rot,
Defeat I will not take."
Thus spake our noble Baronet,
"I'll cook their little cake."

Just then a scout came flying
(A messenger of fate),
He came with sobs and sighing,
His sad news to relate.
He waved on high a cablegram,
And cried "Old Uncle Sammy Sam,
Your challenge, he won't take."

So our Hero's brow was sad,
And our Hero's speech was low,
And darkly muttered he of sport,
And of the craven foe.
"I'd build a thousand-footer,
If that would suit their book;
And to Sandy Hook I'd row her,
Their Yankee goose to cook."

No sound of joy or sorrow,
Raised Britisher or Yank.
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
Put on a look most blank.
"This is not fair," quoth Thomas,
"I will not sail the sea,
I thought a sportsman Sammy was,
By Ham! and Jam!! and Tea!!!"

A. E. WHITTERIDGE.

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WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See page 1.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

A Hint for Mothers.

What an unreasonable horror some children have of the dark. It calls for great discretion to aid the little one to overcome this fear, and is a point on which even stern parents do well in allowing themselves to act indulgently. A night-light is a very trivial matter, yet its feeble glimmer suffices to do away with that curious feeling of stillness and oppression that comes with absolute darkness and proves so nerve-trying to many highly-strung children. When the timorous one gets old enough to be reasoned with, and made to understand that his fears are born only of the imagination, he should be encouraged to deliberately make brief voluntary expeditions into those awful realms of terror represented by the unlighted portions of the house. Very often the budding hero's affection will aid him in overcoming his fear, when all else fails. Let him really believe that mother wants the shawl from the foot of her bed, or the book from the table in the study, and the satisfaction of pleasing her will prove stronger than the dread of bogies. The sitting-room door can be left open while the alarming expedition is in progress, and thanks and kisses must be plentiful when the successful adventurer returns. I knew a small girl who used to thus brave unknown perils on mother's errands, singing at the top of her voice all the time to keep up her courage. She has since developed into one of the most delightfully courageous young women of my acquaintance. I well remember her once flying out of a restaurant, with no other remark than "Oh!" and when her astonished friends hurried after her, it was to discover her standing between a big bully and the little woman whom he had just knocked down.

Change of Name.

To a great many women their marriage would scarcely seem legal unless they took their husband's surname for their own as part of the proceedings. Indeed, it is a generally accepted belief that the obligation to do this is enforced by law. The question has never been actually brought before a judge for decision, the nearest approach to an authoritative legal settlement being when Mrs. Fenwick Miller was standing for election to the London School Board several years ago. She had not taken her husband's name on her marriage, merely altering "Miss" into "Mrs.," and a formal protest was entered against her election, on the ground that she had not stood under her proper name. Of course, all points referring to the election of representatives on public bodies are held to be important public questions, and accordingly this protest was referred by the chief Returning Officer of the metropolis to the Law Officers of the Crown. These distinguished lawyers united in stating that the English law does not require a wife to take her husband's surname. She can please herself.

There are, indeed, a large number of cases in society in which ladies (widows) have not taken their second husband's name on their re-marriage, preferring to keep the use of a title that they received from a previous marriage. The death last week of Sir John Ardagh, the husband of Susan Lady Malmesbury, recalls a case in point. Then we have Lily Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of Lord William Beresford, the Duchess of Buckingham married to Lord Egerton of Tatton, and so on. The question of changing the name, and thus losing the identity in marriage, is even more important in the case of professional women, to whom very often a well-known, and perhaps popular, name is a commercial advantage. Women thus situated generally use one name for public work and another for private use; but this obviously has many drawbacks.

Militant Mediocrity.

Pretty well every day I read in the literary columns of the newspapers of the last work of genius of Mr. So-and-So, but acquaintance with his pages speedily dispels the fond hopes which the reviewers' eulogistic phrases have called into being. There is no gainsaying the fact that our authors would be wholly admirable if they had anything to write about; their manner is excellent, but their matter is a negligible quantity. Here is the work of some of our most popular authors expressed in terms of well-known beverages.

Hall Caine—Cooking port and home-brewed ginger beer.
Keble Howard—Soda and milk (suburban supply).
Charles Marriott—A drop of green chartreuse to a bottle of ginger ale.
George Moore—Swipes.
Percy White—China tea (tenth drawing).
Mrs. Humphry Ward—Small beer.
John Oxenham—Kola.
Eden Phillpotts—Best skim milk.
Quiller Couch—Port wine negus (plenty of water).

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—

That the L.C.C. steamboats pay—someone.——That the freedom of Tangier has been conferred upon Kaid Maclean.——That "diabolo" is the devil's own game.——That bookmakers are suffering in consequence of the "Limerick" gamble.——That the City Solicitor knows a lottery when he sees one.——That the railway trouble is owing to old "buffers" who ought to be "shunted."——That the New York Yacht Club is composed exclusively of sportsmen.——That Newfoundland's "Bond" is her "word."

An "oval" billiard table has been constructed. It should suit exponents of the "all-round" game.

Penny-in-the-slot machines for milk have been established. Useful for those who come home with the fluid.

"One of the most interesting sections of the Franco-British Exhibition will show the arts and crafts of women," says the *Express*. A useful object-lesson for would-be Benedicts.

A headline reads:—"Record year in high-priced hats.' Cheerful reading for those who haven't a feather to fly with.

The *Sketch* gives a list of artistes who insure their hands, feet, etc. What about their cheek?

Sir James Crichton-Browne warns the public against alcoholic lozenges. What about brandy-balls?

Burglars recently rifled the offices of the *Encore*. The police are waiting to clap hands on them.

A former chapel is being used as a blouse factory. The "cloth" are cut up.

A couple recently requested their friends not to give them any wedding presents. If the idea catches on, no presents for the future will be the rule.

In view of the threatened railway strike, the following opinions are interesting:—

Ticket Collectors.—See no barrier to discussion. Are overworked at all seasons. A good rise is the ticket. Not 'arf!

Stationmasters.—Do not think it wise to expound grievances from the platform.

Porters.—Consider the directors artful old buffers. Standing together should carry great weight.

Platelayers.—Directors don't like altering their permanent way; but we shall rise to the occasion and wake up. Our motto is:—"Down with all sleepers."

Signalmen.—Many points need mending; but it would be difficult to know upon what lines. If we strike, fear many will be in the wrong box.

Guards.—Dealing with all classes, think things are moving. Shall have to whistle for any big reform. See no reason why something cannot be started right away.

Engine Drivers.—We cannot be caught easily. See any green? We only want a living wage, and don't wish to go beyond our station.

"The 'good old times' were not good old times," says Carnegie. Of course not; they were "new" times then.

A cigar-consuming moth has been discovered. We know him; he flutters round our dining-room after dark.

A bent ha'penny, dated 1906, has been found on the top of a Montrose chimney stack which had not been ascended for some years. Topic for Montrose silly seasoners: Should aeronauts play shove ha'penny?

More Appropriate Streets:—

Harriers.—Fleet Street.
Burglars.—Fetter Lane.
Millers.—Cornhill.
Sinners.—Gracechurch Street.
Ropemakers.—The Strand.
Hypocrites.—Whitehall.
Bachelors.—Bride Lane.
Gamblers.—Bridge Street.
Pugilists.—Chancery Lane.
Divorces.—Change Alley.
Bootmakers.—Shoe Lane and Leather Lane.
Tipplers.—Tite Street.
Jilted Girls.—Re-gent Street.
Footballers.—Downing Street.
Farmers.—The Haymarket.
Clergymen.—The Temple.
Pickpockets.—Bolt Court.
Dyspeptics.—Knightrider Street.

A Suffragette choir is to be formed. Don't they lift up their voices enough as it is?

Mr. Justice Bray has had his watch stolen. Sooner or later the thief will learn what o'clock it is.

COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS:—

An excellent pie-crust may be made as follows:—Take the promises of several Parliamentary candidates, flavour with international agreements and alliances and New Year's resolutions. Season with plenty of lovers' vows, nicely warm and tender.

A good way of drawing a cork from a bottle if the family corkscrew is missing is to pull it out with the fingers. Be careful not to hold it in the teeth as you may swallow the cork along with the medicine.

Curried Bear.—Take one Bear and divide into sections by tyranny, ignorance, and Nihilism. Let him gently simmer in French polish till he is swelled with a sense of greatness. Garnish with Lion's teeth, and dish him up with the best Indian curry. Let the latter be extra hot, and the Bear will have lost much of its pronounced flavour by the time he is ready for the table. The cheek especially will be found very mild.

Stiltin' Cheese.—Select a cheese that gives indications of good linguistic powers. Make yourself friendly with the lodgers, and train them to jump altogether. When they can accomplish this, the cheese will be able to walk as though on stilts, thus proving the adage that mite is right.

The *Rapid Review* is dead. Its demise is understood to be due to defective circulation.

Commercial jargon is fearfully and wonderfully made, and with some trepidation we quote from an article on cotton in the *Manchester Guardian:* "In April the bulls wanted to unload, but found the bears covered."

A man was charged at Guildhall recently with breaking a window and stealing sealing-wax. He pleaded hunger. Poor fellow!

The Hampstead magistrate who asked "Who is W. S. Gilbert?" was told "he is Gilbert and Sullivan." W. Schwenk will learn with some surprise, no doubt, that he is half dead.

The Sheriff of a County Court recently "knocked down" a mine which was advertised as containing gold, silver, copper, lead, and barytes. The new possessor is not quite sure whether the £5 he paid for the property has been well laid out. But he may come across a bit of coal.

At a Grimsby thanksgiving meeting "for blessings received" a lady sent up a rather quaint thank-offering: "For three husbands in heaven and one on the way, £10."

A men's beauty show at Southend was won by a Hussar. Other competitors are in the Blues.

The latest Cunard. The great Atlantic race.

A warning as to issue of bad sixpences has been circulated by the Metropolitan police. The counterfeiters of bad silver naturally object to this circulation of good coppers.

"Traffic Crisis. London Companies lose 12 million Passengers." But the missing may turn up on the eventual arrival of some L.C.D. and S.E.R. trains.

HINTS ON GARDENING:—

Encourage all stray cats. This can easily be done by feeding them regularly. If you find one asleep in a favourite bed, do not disturb it. Sit calmly down, and think of the essay you once wrote on kindness to animals.

Before sowing any seeds, it is amusing to mix a few packets. The excitement as to what will come up grows every day. It is very interesting, for instance, to find a sunflower or two making friends with the mustard and cress.

It is not necessary to be married to establish a nursery.

If you are fond of weeds, spend all you can afford on a weed-killer. This is a splendid tonic for them. It kills all flowers.

If you have a long garden, never buy a hose. Apart from the expense, it is a sign of laziness. The exercise of carrying pails of water will keep you in health. Rain usually falls about an hour after the operation.

The green fly should not be kept in a blue-bottle.

The best time to catch slugs is at night. A wet night should be chosen. You should arrange for your wife to hold the candle; but care should be taken not to singe your whiskers.

A garden-roller is a good investment. It develops the muscles; and, on a hot day, saves the expense of a Turkish bath. It is also handy for cracking nuts, and may be used as a trousers presser.

Rev. R. J. Campbell says it is no fault of his that a charge has been made to hear him preach at Llandudno. Moreover, he didn't get the money.

St. John's church choir at High Wycombe have struck. The man who plays the organ has also gone. "Blow it," he is understood to have remarked as he went his way.

That is a novel wedding which has taken place in New York, the bride and bridegroom being immersed in a tank. In these days of novelty they wanted to be in the swim.

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak Safety RAZOR it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that means a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy "CLEMAK" blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 2/6 per packet of 6, post free.

"COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED" IS THE "CLEMAK" MOTTO.

"CLEMAK" book on "SELF-SHAVING" (40 pages) post free on application.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

On Sale at all Clements' Razor Depots: 69 & 123, Strand (under Savoy Hotel), 127, High Holborn, 42, Old Bread Street, 41, Gracechurch Street, 49, Moorgate Street, 13, London Street, E.C., 66, Cheapside (under Bennett's clock), 45, Queen Victoria Street, 17, Billiter Street.

Every quality that makes for perfection in Shaving Soap is found in "Shavallo"—

a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

Shavallo
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

in Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4½d. each, of most Hairdressers and Chemists.

Made by JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,
SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.

BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

WALTER CLIFFORD & Co., Ltd.,
8, Mildmay Chambers, Old Broad Street, E.C.,
82, Bishopsgate Street Within,
DEALERS IN
STOCKS AND SHARES.
Immediate Cash Payments, irrespective of Account Days.
Write for latest edition of pamphlet
"WEALTH"
Sent Free on Application—together with our Terms of Dealing.
CASH ADVANCED ON APPROVED SECURITIES.

Liverpool VICTORIA Legal FRIENDLY SOCIETY.
CHIEF OFFICE—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Claims paid exceed..... £8,000,000
Invested Funds £3,000,000
Cash Bonuses paid, 1908..... £214,000
LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES. WORLD WIDE POLICIES.
ARTHUR HENNIL, Secretary.

WE SAVE YOU POUNDS
In your own interest send for our New, Comprehensive, Money-saving Catalogue, containing illustrations and descriptions of SHEFFIELD MADE
TOOLS FOR ALL TRADES
supplied at the lowest rock bottom prices ever quoted.
We send this remarkable book absolutely FREE on request; and, if you are a Tools' user, it will save you pounds. It is the cheapest Tools Catalogue in the World. It illustrates every known Standard Make of Tool, at the Keenest Prices ever printed.
No matter what your trade is, we save you money every time. SEND TO-DAY.
J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Sheffield.

LOANS GRANTED PROMPTLY.
£20 to £10,000, ON APPROVED NOTE OF HAND
Your Promissory Note Discounted at the following rates:

£20	for 12	Monthly Payments of	£1	12	4
£50	" 12	"	£2	7	4
£100	" 12	"	£5	0	8
£250	" 12	"	£10	16	8
£500	" 12	"	£21	12	4
£1,000	" 12	"	£43	0	8

These payments include principal and interest.
Any other sums at the same rate.
For short periods we will advance: £20 for 20s., £40 for 30s., £50 for 7Es.
No Bills of Sale Taken.
Apply to the Actual Lenders, CHARLES STEVENS & Co., 12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

What is Your Number?
It may mean Five Pounds for you.
SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

C. S. (London).—Thanks for cutting from *Punch*. We had already awarded a biscuit. It is a famous chestnut, originally told, we believe, by Douglas Jerrold, which has now descended to the "comic relief" at political meetings, Hastings in January last being, apparently, the most recent occasion of its use in that way.

F. A. D. (Liverpool).—All the numbers on the covers are balloted for. The reason that some of the successful ones are unclaimed is mainly owing to readers not always keeping their copies—or, if they do, neglecting to look up their old covers.

H. E. (Bournemouth).—Better luck next time.

A. H. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—What is the connection between Christian Science and mixed bathing?

"LANEG" (Gornal Wood) entered a competition for £200, offered by Messrs. Chapman and Co., of Norwich, for obtaining the longest list of persons willing to receive free samples of "Nervlettes." The result was to be announced early in July. "Laneg" took a lot of trouble canvassing from house to house, and sent in 2,280 signatures. After writing twice, he was informed that the result would be published by September 7th. Since then he has heard no more. What have Messrs. Chapman to say?

J. H. K. (Balham) points out that the *Military Mail* gave a picture of officers of the Rifle Brigade, and described them as officers of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. In the same issue the *Military Mail* took the *Soldiers' Journal* to task for an inaccurate picture of a sentry. Evidently a case of the mote and the beam.

T. A. (Darlington).—A curious epitaph, but Jim Crow disclaims all share in practical jokes in 1872. We hope the celebration will come off.

E. M. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—If we gave a biscuit for a "measured mile," which was two inches short of a mile, the mile would be complete and the award would be superfluous.

"BANDARILLERO" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We have read every word of your fable, as requested, and agree that it is a bit prolix. But your style is good and many of your phrases are ingenious. We fear your banderillas are a little too gentle to get into this BULL, who now retires untouched to his corral. But do give him another corrida when you are again in the mood for sport.

"LEX" (Paddington) argues with Jim Crow about ethics and contends that not only is a lie justifiable to save life but that homicide is lawful in self-defence. We fear that, if he carried out his principles, he might get locked up unless he could prove that his own life had been threatened. He thinks only "wanton" lies are sinful. But a wanton lie is not necessarily an injurious one. And, if we may lie to avoid evil, why may we not lie to accomplish some good purpose? This is Jim's answer, not ours, and we fear that Jim is a sad casuist.

F. N. (Hammersmith Road).—We wish we could share your sanguine expectation that political parties can be abolished. Why not find us a million, and we will run JOHN BULL candidates in every constituency?

In answer to "Collector," who wanted to hear of a stamp exchange club, we are informed of the existence of the following:—Glasgow Stamp Exchange Club (M. MacGregor, secretary, 27, La Crosse Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow) and the Junior Philatelic Society (Arthur Selinger, hon. sec., 5, Paper Street, Redcross Street, E.C.). A. J. Agar (76, Chorlton Road, Manchester) is also willing to exchange duplicates.

J. F. P. (Colchester) wants a biscuit for the *Ipswich Evening Star* for reporting a "blind man's death" as follows:—"The deceased was blind in one eye, and this fatal accident deprived him of the sight of the other." But the subject is too sad to jest about.

A. W. (South Norwood) writes:—"Re stammering. If he keeps a pea under his tongue, the effort of keeping it there will make him speak easily." Diabolo!

"NICHOL" (Manchester).—Yes, we will refer to the scandal.

A. L. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) writes:—"I do not admire Jim Crow, though he frequently hits the nail in the neighbourhood of the head. He gives me the impression of a good thinker and writer enjoying an intellectual night off." We agree that it is hard on the innocent poor to have to pay the cost of defence in criminal prosecutions, but they are better off than in many countries, where they are practically allowed no defence at all. At any rate, we are not as other nations are. As for Tom Paine, it is too late to object to the abbreviation. All extreme thinkers are appropriately addressed with a diminutive. *Cf.*, Jim passim.

"SIMPLICITY" (Beamish) is a "trance medium, clairvoyant, and psychologist." His visiting card is printed in gold letters. He sends us copies of conditions and correspondence received by him from the London and Provincial Authors' Agency (347, City Road, London). We do not know whether the spelling is theirs or the transcriber's, but we should not have any great confidence in an offer to submit our MSS. to the "principle magazines," particularly as the charges are high. However, our correspondent is "deeply impressed as a medium and worker in the spiritual movement, purposely for the upliftment of the race at a personal sacrifice." So that is all right. He is evidently an ideal client for the London and Provincial Authors' Agency.

C. W. J. (Billingsgate).—We have referred to the Dorado Watch Company, which deserves some of your local language.

"VIANA" need not have expected Lord Northcliffe, D.N., to write Spanish properly.

G. A. S. (Swansea) objects to "a narrow ring of medical consultants." The *British Medical Journal* was certainly very frank.

L. C. (London).—The Clifton suspension bridge was opened 8th December, 1864. We cannot tell the name of "a pirate vessel which was lying, a complete wreck, off the coast of Algiers 30 years ago." It was certainly not the only one. L. C. has "a shoe carved from the supposed timbers of the same." He must wear it incognito.

C. J. C. (Westcliff-on-Sea) complains that we dealt with a London Premium and Tea Company circular "briefly and off-hand." But we have exposed it so often. We cannot slay the slain more than about 101 times.

J. F. (Liverpool) quotes the *Liverpool Evening Express*:—"The old man was drowned. The lock was empty and he had a ten-feet drop to the water, and was probably stunned." Unfortunately the biscuit tin was mislaid at Carlsbad.

F. X. F. (Port Said).—Send full particulars and we will see what we can do. You are somewhat incoherent, and we do not quite understand your grievance.

B. M. (London, N.W.).—What is the matter with "pianos and piano-players by all the best makers?" Surely most piano-players are made, not born.

"COFFEE SET" (Roe Green) has been trying to get the better of the London and Premium Tea Company. He had better be careful.

J. D. (Leeds).—We have often warned our readers against Harvey Taylor's mouth-lamps. You may as well say good-bye to your two guineas, but you might drop a line to the police.

G. G. R. (Highams) is just going to drink our health. We raise our elbow simultaneously. It is thirsty work answering letter-bag correspondents.

"VIGILANT" (London) says a lady inspector visited a leading dressmaking establishment after receiving an anonymous complaint. She cross-questioned the girls, who admitted that they had been kept working longer than the Factory Acts allow. The firm was fined and the girls were dismissed. We agree that such witnesses should be protected, but the question is: How? We shall be glad to consider any practical suggestions.

H. H. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—We advise caution in dealing with the Exchange you mention. We are short of biscuits just now. Jim Crow ran away with all our tin at Carlsbad.

E. A. G. M. (Middlewich) delights in our notes and likes Vivian's criticisms. Jim Crow amuses him and gives him "food for thought." So all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. We feel stronger already.

T. F. A. (Devonport).—We know nothing about the Sanitary Training College (151, Knight's Hill, West Norwood). Why does it attract you?

E. C. C. (Tilbury) says Socialism is "the ism of the (distant) future." Very distant.

E. M. (Lambeth).—Thanks for prescription for Jim. What made you think he "sucked the bung?" He is suing us for libel, and may sue you if you are not careful.

A. A. (Manchester).—Thanks. Well worth a biscuit.

M. E. M. (Paignton) draws our attention to "Ker-nak," the latest quack remedy of the "Bile Bean" thieves. They are very lavish with their advertisements, and we should like to pillory the papers who are accessories to their fraud.

S. J. L. (Hither Green) sends a poster announcing the loss of some shares. "All persons are cautioned against dealing with the same, and are requested to communicate with Galloway and Pearson." If the invitation were accepted, Galloway and Pearson would have an even larger letter-bag than ours.

T. H. B. (Hornsey Rise) wants a biscuit for Lord Northcliffe for advertising furniture under the heading of "bargains by post." The poor peer will have a surfeit presently.

G. W. (Stratford) wants us to insert "an appeal for poor donkeys." We appeal.

J. B. (Wandsworth) went to Woolf and Co., credit tailors, 39, Cheapside. He got into arrears for a few shillings, but paid up all right. Seventeen days later he received a summons for debt and costs. He called on Woolf, and was told in an off-hand manner to "go home and think no more about it." We think a summons should rank as a libel when it is not justified.

J. F. P. (Mansfield).—The whole question of Sunday trading is a puzzle. We think Sunday should be treated as a bank holiday for ordinary commercial purposes.

H. S. (Kent) is a railway porter till 8 p.m., when he becomes a stationmaster. He sends us some Irish lottery tickets for our dustbin.

T. M. (Tottenham) got into trouble with masonic authorities because he advocated an *entente cordiale* with French free-masons, but he will not increase his popularity with the craft by asking us to take up his grievance. Did not he take any sort of vow of obedience?

Miss M. S. (Twickenham) asks what we think of Limerick competitions. Nothing at all.

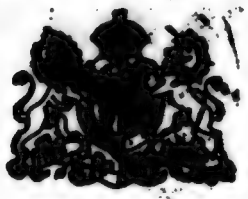
"PHILATELIST" (Leicester) has been amusing himself by sticking postcard and other stamps on envelopes, and posting them with a request to "cancel lightly." He is indignant because the officials were too busy to bother. Probably he has the advantage over them in the matter of spare time.

W. W. W. (Tottenham).—Very funny. Biscuit awarded.

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.



GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

C. H. C. (Queen's Park) wants a biscuit for the remark that, "with the death of Richard Mansfield, America loses her greatest living actor." But surely the phrase is not incorrect. America lost a living actor when he ceased to live.

"Eastern" (Forest Gate).—We think the advertisement was all right. The word "allowed" shows that a purchase was expected in return. Does any one know anything about Tilbrook and Hughes (17, Station Parade, Norbury)? "Eastern" has a friend who was photographed by their alleged representative, but cannot obtain his pictures. Perhaps, like Jim Crow, he is not very easy to take.

B. D. (Stratford).—X is the Roman numeral 10, and is also sometimes used as an abbreviation for Christ.

W. G. Hawley (East Ham).—Delighted to print your name if you prefer, but some correspondents might not like so much notoriety. Jim Crow is different. He has no shame.

"West Kensington."—We do not recommend bookmakers, but those who advertise in John Bull are all right, and some of the continental firms accept as little as one shilling.

H. P. P. (London, N.E.).—How clever of the *Morning Leader* to mistake the Hôtel de Ville for a "Paris hotel." We fear we must not devote space to musical criticism just yet.

"Bloko" (Grimsby).—The paragraph is a bit involved, but scarcely worth worrying about.

"Dorado" (Walthamstow) draws our attention to a new version of the old watch trick. It is issued, on the old lines, by the "Dorado Watch Company" (4, Brixton Road, S.W.).

C. L. (Walton-on-Thames), observing that Mr. Jessop awarded prizes of £34 odd for rhyming "biles" and "phials" with "Byles," is now sending in an attempt to rhyme "photography" with "Redhill." He has ordered a new bicycle in anticipation of a prize. Thanks for his biscuits.

J. E. W. (Greenwich).—Thanks for thinking of us. We will lose no time in reading your article.

W. C. B. (Windsor) sends an advertisement headed "good indigestion ensures good health." It also states that "the 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size." In that case purchasers do not obtain full value for their 1/1½.

"Mary" (Finsbury Park) wants to know how far the Agapemonites may be trusted as ordinary employers. They have an unsavoury reputation, but what does "Mary" understand by "ordinary" employment? We would not recommend her to reside in the Abode of Love unless she is well able to take care of herself.

"Peri Peri" (Mashonaland) inquires how Colonial readers will fare if they hold any of our lucky numbers. We have already announced that there will be an extension of time for their benefit. We will inquire about the Stamp Company.

R. K. B. (London, N.) and others protest against the spelling of German words in a recent article. We are glad to learn that "critical Germans are reading John Bull by the thousands." But when did spelling ever matter in any language?

A. E. M. (Paignton) has had an unsatisfactory correspondence with a firm of "patent experts," but we discern no evidence of bad faith. Why did he not inquire through his bankers?

K. O. M. (Bishop's Stortford) sent 1s. 3d. to the Shaverine Company (10 Depôt, 80, Kingsley Road, Liverpool), but can get no reply. Have any other readers had experience of the firm?

P. W. M. (Streatham) draws our attention to a grant of £15 by the Bournemouth Borough Council to the local Young Men's Christian Association for aquatic races. He seems to object to this on religious grounds. We object to public money being spent on private enterprises. Rates should be restricted to essential works. But if aquatics are to be encouraged, we do not see that the accident of the performers being Christians should put them out of court. P. W. M. reaches a sound conclusion from unsound premises.

Mrs. K. E. (London, S.E.) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for a "nurse-companion for elderly gentleman, to travel France, Belgium, Italy." She was invited to call at the "Portland House Nurses' and Ladies' Association" (66, Great Portland Street, W.). She found "a crowd of twenty to thirty simple souls" waiting. They were made to pay 5s. in advance, and to promise 5 per cent. on the first year's salary. But Mrs. K. E. thought the odds against her obtaining the post were too long, so she wisely kept her 5s. We know nothing against this particular association, but we agree that registry offices need stricter supervision.

W. J. C. (Portsmouth) sends us many kind words and two circulars. One is from the Commercial Union, of 21, Burges Road, East Ham (and Sidney, Melbourne, Cape Town). The Union offers goods for next to nothing on a sort of snowball system. The other is from the Columbia Trading Company (5, Edmund Street, Birmingham), and urges him as follows:—"Start a business of your own with very small capital. Be your own employer and make money at your home. You can manufacture your own goods, sell to shops and advertise for agents. Goods can be manufactured in your kitchen with ordinary kitchen utensils." To make his fortune, he is to send the company 10s. for some recipes. We suggest his best reply would be a dexterous use of his ordinary kitchen utensils in the neighbourhood of Edmund Street, Birmingham.

"Taynton" points out that *Tit-Bits* gave £75 odd to someone who thought the French word *dot* was pronounced "dough." Very dotty.

"John Bull, Junior."—Already exposed by us many a time. Take a free gift, by all means, but first make sure that it is worth taking.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

A CHURCHYARD COUGH.

Bronchial Asthma for 30 years NOW CURED.

Mr. Churchill.

Mr. J. Churchill, of Dowlish Wake, Ilminster, Somerset, writes: "Nearly 30 years ago I contracted inflammation of the lungs, which left me with Bronchial Asthma of a very severe type, my cough being so bad that people said if ever they heard a "churchyard cough" I had it, and at times the paroxysms were so bad that I could not lie in bed. All this terrible time resulted in a fearful illness, and three doctors said I would never get over it. At last I was induced to try Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I soon found I was on the right track at last, and now thanks to your extraordinary remedy my asthma is entirely gone, and I am at work as hard as ever."

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

Where the Angle is so Deceptive.

How many have given up the attempt to give opinions as to what has won in a close finish at Windsor.

Membership.

Members' annual subscriptions, at practically every race meeting, begin with the year—but Windsor goes from March to March.

Like Dick Dawson at Newbury.

When certain owners and trainers lay themselves out expressly for particular meetings—they are usually worth following.

Apparently not Hereditary Tastes.

The father of our present stipendiary, Mr. P. Taylor, used to have several horses trained at Smitham Bottom by W. Burbidge, father of the present trainer. Among them was a grey, Hackler, who won no end of races after being bought in Belfast for £50—another Tyrone, and a third Lincoln.

An unfortunate reputation.

Some horses, like men, are born to be lucky, many to be unfortunate, and a few to be continuously over-rated, which is, mayhap (to their owners), the biggest misfortune of all. If one possesses a bad horse, and knows it, it costs him little—but to continue trying to win a race with animals of which handicappers have an inflated opinion is disappointing, heart-breaking, and the acme of malfortune.

Mistaken Legislature.

There can surely be nothing to justify magistrates refusing to allow bookmakers—convicted of street betting—to anyhow see their papers to enable them to "pay out." Does the English law now desire that fraud should be encouraged—not suppressed? Assuredly, the Betting Act and the Gambling Act do little else but create and foster swindlers!

Is it True?

Whenever a swindling bookmaker lets one in, the victim is "mad" over it, and vows to do EVERYTHING—for the first week. A month after he is much cooler, and a month later still will hardly think he even won the money, and is disinclined to do anything. This is the invariable run of human nature, and is one of the safeguards of the wrong 'uns.

Guess whose Meetings.

If an owner wants an admission ticket at certain meetings he has to ask for it, but it is not courteously sent—as by other C.C.'s—and it is jocularly said that one has almost to go on his knees for it. Moreover, it is given grudgingly, and, as a fact, if a man had six horses in the first day, and none on the second, he would only get one pass. *Apropos* of this, I can speak as to an incident when an owner had nominated a horse which, however, was sold before the race day. He still had to pay the entry fee to the Executive, but was refused admission on the ground that his horse had since changed hands. "Verily" hot!

The Law Helps Them.

I have always been emphatic in the denunciation of the lack of control whereby "welshers" and card-sharpers are allowed to infest race trains. But a somewhat undue reprimand has often been paid on various hands to the L.S.W. Railway and their experienced officers, for there is no line upon which *more* races take place, or *less* of the undesirable element prevails. It has been pointed out that these men, who are well known, should not be allowed on a train, which seems a very reasonable statement. And yet it is not known by "the man in the street" that there is *no* law by which anybody can be excluded from travelling in a train for which he has purchased a ticket. Railway companies are what the law terms "common carriers," and therefore if a man is even known to be a thief, and ostensibly there for the purpose of thieving, he cannot be prevented from travelling and thereby using the ticket for which he has paid. The only thing which a detective can do is to meet him upon arrival and compel his return from the venue as an undesirable, and being there with the object of committing a felony.

They Run in All Shapes.

Such expression of opinion, grounded on the best of facts and experience, was never better borne out than in the case of Damietta, who won the rich Nursery at Newbury from a high-class field, and at Windsor last Saturday equally easily carried her 9lb. penalty to the front. The daughter of Galloping Lad is a brown, built on a very small scale, somewhat powerfully topped, but, all in all, mean, and especially common-looking. Her coat was rough, and seemed to have a dry sweat upon it, so that anybody looking at her prior to betting would assuredly be put off. That the little filly can "hop it" had been proved on her home downs, and she has done Bate's stable two real good turns. All racegoers are superstitious, and, solely "for luck," the filly on both occasions carried the light blue, rose sleeves and cap of a young sportsman who races as Mr. Carr, as his jacket had been uncommonly fortunate this season, *vide* the successes of Woodspring, Amelia, and Ready Wit.

"Will Now be Sold by Auction."

Under such heading how many horses, especially at this season of year, figure on race-cards, and how invariably does such appendage stall off those who would otherwise have supported them in the race preceding their submission for sale! Of course, in some cases, the intention to weed out horses is preceded, quite unintentionally, by their success. Yet it is quite an old wheeze when a coup is being attempted in a selling race to purposely have printed on the card the fact that the horse is to be got rid of; the effect being that any horse winning a selling plate must go under the hammer, and can always be bought in. This similarly applies to him under any circumstances, while although an animal may be announced as going into the ring, there is no compulsion, and no penalty in default. Aughnacloy may not have been backed for the race which he won so easily last week-end at Windsor, and the fact that the old Irish gelding was afterwards sold for 80 guineas savours of truth, and the statement that his connections were anxious to get "out of him." Still, the very fact so promulgated unquestionably put a good many off, and such will always do so, for no folk are more suspicious than backers.

Half-and-Half Confidence.

When horses are implicitly believed in by their connections they usually just get beaten, and it is over and over again proved that successes come when the confidence is not whole-hearted. Such was certainly the case on Saturday last in Windsor's big handicap as regards Cofferdam, who was backed three or four times in midsummer when believed to be a real certainty. She is a very mean-looking animal, and has a very poor book form, and therefore Wootton, shrewd judge though he is believed to be, may have been justified in thinking his boy's mount would not beat The Drone. Anyhow, he so expressed himself to his friends, and emphasised it by taking "five ponies" about Lord Westbury's chestnut. In the result The Drone was never in the race, which Cofferdam had won from end to end. There are occasions, of course, when owners, especially owner-trainers, purposely have lack of confidence, and a little money is what is termed "thrown away" upon some other horse in the race in which they are interested, and returns itself tenfold by increasing the price of their own animal, for which probably someone else is doing the commission, or for which the money is on s.p.

A Dead-heat among Four.

In April, 1851, a famous dead-heat, under N.H. rules, occurred at the Hoo, near Gormanbury. The event was an open hunter's stake of 10 sovs. each with 25 added, 11 st. 7 lb. each, and the distance once round—apparently about two miles. The four horses concerned were Defaulter, ridden by Lord Loughborough, Lord Strathmore's Reindeer, owner up, Mr. Rayner's Pulcherrima, ridden by Mr. Bevil, and Captain Broadley, with his owner, the Squire of Malton, in the saddle. In the run off half-lengths divided them, Defaulter winning outright.

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The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—"Mr. E. W. Betts, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road, is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

Over the Sticks.

With several little meetings as the vanguard, last week practically opened the jumping season proper, for which, however, trainers are nothing like ready. Those with flat racers in their charge are at present ignoring National Hunt sport, which, however, lets in a countless number of little men. Taken all round, those with jumpers—either novices or old stagers—have not been able to get them ready, particularly to "school" the young ones, owing to the abnormally hard ground. It is no use breaking your horse down at the outset of a season, although a few of the necessitous ones have risked it, and are what are termed "chancing theirs" half schooled before everybody is ready, when races are naturally much more difficult to win. Among the younger horses coming new to the game are Cyllaros, The Cherub, and General Brown.

Prophecies.

An all-important period to attempt to pick winners for, and already ten days ahead must final selection be made for, the Cesarewitch. Dealing with the minor events first, Leicester to-day (Thursday) provides one good wagering chance,

CRUSADER,

in the October Handicap. At Kempton, whatever beats

LET GO THE PAINTER,

who is extraordinarily thrown in, must take the Ridermead Handicap. It would just be the usual thing if this disappointing little horse were to score the first time of running for a new owner—his old trainer, Charlie Wood. At the moment I have offered the "Painter" to South African buyers at a "monkey"; and he's just the nippy little chap for the country. In the Duke of York Stakes I can only "look at" one—last year's second,

ROSEATE DAWN.

for whom it is full far, but he is wondrously handicapped now, and will win at last.

For next Wednesday's Cesarewitch I am, as all along shown,

ROYAL DREAM

"mad"—truly; whatever can hold Mr. J. B. Joel's leggy horse must be the winner. Bet EACH WAY. For places my ideas are that the thoroughly-trained DEMURE and MADAME DE SOUBISE are good, and I oppose the two present favourites, neither of whom have *proved* that they can really "get" a Cesarewitch. Wuffy merely won a slowly-run Ebor Handicap through a dash of speed, whilst *no* lightweight can ride Baltinglass. For "doubles," couple

MALUA

—whose missing the Duke of York Stakes I am assuming—GOLD RIACH, and SAGAMORE—especially the former.

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